DYNAMIC

VERDI
MACBETH

Ludovic Tézier
Silvia Dalla Benetta
Riccardo Zanellato
Giorgio Berrugi
David Astorga

Filarmonica Arturo Toscanini
Coro del Teatro Regio di Parma
Roberto Abbado

WORLD PRÈMIERE
of the original 1865 French version for Paris
Sung in French

FESTIVAL VERDI PARMA

TEATRO REGIO PARMA

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(DDD)

DYNAMIC

FESTIVAL VERDI PARMA

TEATRO REGIO PARMA

Giuseppe Verdi (Le Roncole, 1813 – Milan, 1901)

MACBETH

Melodramma in four parts - Paris version (1865)
Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave, after Shakespeare
French translation by Charles-Louis-Étienne Nuitter and Alexandre Beaumont

Revision of David Lawton's critical edition by Candida Mantica,
The University of Chicago Press, Chicago and Casa Ricordi, Milano

Macbeth	Ludovic Tézier
Lady Macbeth	Silvia Dalla Benetta
Banquo	Riccardo Zanellato
Macduff	Giorgio Berrugi
Malcolm	David Astorga
Un médecin	Francesco Leone
La Comtesse	Natalia Gavrilan
Un serviteur / Un sicaire / Première fantôme	Jacobo Ochoa
Seconde fantôme	Pietro Bolognini
Troisième fantôme	Pilar Mezzadri Corona

Filarmonica Arturo Toscanini - Coro del Teatro Regio di Parma

Conductor: Roberto Abbado - Chorus Master: Martino Faggiani

Macbeth's letter is read by Cassandre Berthon

Recording, editing and post-production:
Elfride Foroni - BHaudio

Recorded at: Parco Ducale di Parma, Italy, Festival Verdi 2020
11th-13th September 2020

Ludovic Tézier appears courtesy of Sony Classical

Live recording performed in concert form

Tracklist

Running Time

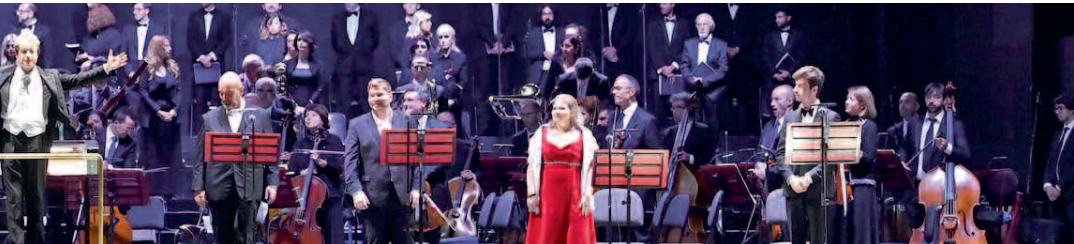
79:42

01	**Acte premier** - Prélude	02:56
02	**Introduction** - Que fais-tu là ? Dis-le moi ! **(Chœur de Sorcières)**	03:22
03	Quelle journée et triste et favorable ! **(Macbeth, Banquo, Chœur de Sorcières)**	03:30
04	Ô Macbeth ! Le roi notre sire **(Chœur, Macbeth, Banquo)**	04:04
05	Ils sont bien loin déjà **(Chœur)**	02:03
06	**Scène et Air** - Je les vis apparaître - Viens ! Sois homme ! **(Lady Macbeth)**	05:19
07	Ce soir même le roi - Dans notre demeure, qu'il entre **(Un serviteur, Lady Macbeth)**	04:35
08	**Scène et Marche** - Ma noble dame ! / Caudore ! **(Macbeth, Lady Macbeth)**	03:31
09	**Scène et Duo** - Préviens lady Macbeth / Ce poignard ! Devant moi ! **(Macbeth, Lady Macbeth)**	05:07
10	Fatale épouse, écoute au loin **(Macbeth, Lady Macbeth)**	06:35
11	**Final** - Voici l'heure où le roi - Dieu puissant, que ta clémence nous garde ! **(Macduff, Banquo, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Chœur)**	07:47
12	**Acte Deuxième** - **Scène et Air** - D'où vient, Macbeth - Douce lumière **(Lady Macbeth, Macbeth)**	07:09
13	Qui vous fait vous joindre à nous ? **(Chœur de Sicaires)**	03:19
14	**Scène et Cantabile** - O mon fils, va moins vite - Ah ! Tout rappelle à mon esprit **(Banquo)**	04:42
15	**Final** - Salut, Roi ! - Par toi, vin généreux **(Chœur, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth)**	04:33
16	Cher époux, qui vous arrête ? **(Lady Macbeth, Macbeth, Chœur)**	06:13
17	Noir souci qui me dévore ! **(Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Macduff, Chœur)**	04:48

Running Time

72:25

01	**Acte Troisième** - Introduction et Choeur de Sorcières - Écoute ! **(Chœur de Sorcières)**	04:04
02	Ballet	10:07
03	**Choeur et Scène des Apparitions** - Interrogeons le sort **(Macbeth, Chœur, Le fantôme)**	12:09
04	**Choeur des Sylphes et Danse** - Sylphes ! Légers enfants des eaux **(Chœur)**	04:38
05	**Duetto final** - Hideux mystères ! / Heure de mort **(Macbeth, Lady Macbeth)**	03:28
06	**Acte quatrième - Introduction et Choeur** - Ô patrie ! Ô noble-terre ! **(Chœur)**	06:46
07	**Scène et Air** - Mes fils ! Mes fils chéris ! / Ah ! C'est la main d'un père **(Macduff)**	03:31
08	Quel est donc ce bois sauvage ? **(Malcolm, Chœur, Macduff)**	02:51
09	**Scène du Somnambulisme** - Depuis deux nuits je veille / Une tache que rien n'efface ! **(Le Médecin, La Comtesse, Lady Macbeth)**	11:38
10	**Scène et Air** - Aux Anglais le traître contre moi / Honneurs, respect, tendresse **(Macbeth)**	05:36
11	**Scène et Bataille** - Elle est morte ! **(Chœur, Macbeth, La Comtesse, Macduff)**	03:56
12	**Hymne de Victoire** - Victoire ! Où donc se cache **(Chœur, Malcolm, Macduff)**	03:33



L'OPERA IN BREVE

Nel marzo 1864 il direttore del Théâtre Lyrique Impérial di Parigi Léon Carvalho comunicò a Verdi la propria intenzione di allestire una versione francese di *Macbeth*, che peraltro Verdi aveva già pensato di far tradurre per l'Opéra di Parigi nel 1847, poco dopo il debutto alla Pergola di Firenze, anche se in quell'occasione le contrattazioni non erano decollate. Ricevuta la proposta di Carvalho e riaperto lo spartito di sedici anni prima, Verdi constatò immediatamente che molte parti della versione andata in scena nel 1847 non corrispondevano più al gusto di metà anni Sessanta e alla propria evoluzione musicale, vale a dire l'aria di Lady del secondo atto, alcuni squarci della scena delle apparizioni con l'aria di Macbeth del terzo atto e le prime scene del quarto, ed erano tutte da rifare, inteso che per il gusto parigino sarebbe stato necessario poi inserire il balletto d'obbligo e, su richiesta di Carvalho, sostituire l'aria di Macbeth finale con un coro. Alle proteste di Verdi di prendere tempo, Carvalho rispose con un'offerta lauta di compenso e che si sarebbe assunto gli oneri della traduzione del libretto. Convinto da questi argomenti, Verdi cominciò a lavorare ai rifacimenti musicali nei primi giorni del dicembre 1864 e il 3 febbraio 1865 spedì la partitura finita a Ricordi. I rifacimenti delle parti in versi furono affidati a Francesco Maria Piave. Il balletto fu realizzato in modo da inserirlo nella forma più congrua possibile nel terzo atto della vicenda (scena della consultazione delle streghe da parte di Macbeth): un ballabile in cinque movimenti con apparizione di Ecate chiusa da un sabba prima dell'arrivo di Macbeth, e un ballabile di ondine e silfidi su Macbeth svenuto dopo le profezie.

Il nuovo *Macbeth* andato in scena al Théâtre Lyrique il 21 aprile 1865, peraltro senza la presenza a Parigi di Verdi e con scarso successo, è perciò un'opera rielaborata musicalmente da Verdi sulla base del libretto in italiano del 1847 con alcune parti poetiche rifatte per l'occasione, e poi tradotto in francese esclusivamente in funzione di quelle rappresentazioni parigine: la sua vita teatrale successiva è sempre proseguita nella nuova versione italiana, per la prima volta messa in scena nel 1874 alla Scala di Milano, e tuttora resta quella normalmente rappresentata nei teatri di tutto il mondo. Rispetto a quella del 1847, la versione del 1865 rinuncia all'intimismo dolente della scena finale di Macbeth, che ora muore dietro le quinte, e accresce quella tinta torbida rispondente all'esigenza verdiana di rendere il realismo e il gusto per il fantastico shakespeariani, che avevano rappresentato fin dall'inizio per Verdi la possibilità di accedere a caratteri scenici inconsueti rispetto agli standard del teatro musicale italiano e a soluzioni espressive più vicine alle sue ambizioni innovative e realistiche. Da qui, le raccomandazioni verdiane sugli effetti scenografici, sulla potenza della parola e sulla gestualità, alle quale dedicò anche nel 1865 attenzioni particolari e prescrizioni categoriche. Oltre la componente soprannaturale, in *Macbeth* l'obiettivo di Verdi resta la resa del magma oscuro dell'animo umano attraverso una presa di posizione sulle priorità dei valori

civili e sulle minacce delle fragilità della psiche, possibile da ottenere scenicamente solo grazie a un impatto brutale, che anche nel 1865 risultava ancora inatteso per i parametri estetici correnti, e che sarà apprezzato compiutamente solo nella seconda metà del Novecento.

IL LIBRETTO

L'intervento di revisione compiuto tra il novembre 1864 e l'inizio di febbraio 1865 da Francesco Maria Piave sul libretto della versione del 1847 che era stata in parte realizzata da lui stesso e in parte (ultimi due atti) da Andrea Maffei, riguardò soprattutto il rifacimento dell'aria di Lady del I atto ("Trionfai", sostituita da "La luce langue"), il recitativo con la scena delle apparizioni, il duetto del terzo atto ("Ora di morte" al posto di "Vada in fiamme") e il finale ultimo, nel quale l'Inno di vittoria sostituisce il solo di Macbeth "Mal per me che m'appressai". I cambiamenti erano sembrati opportuni a Verdi sia dopo aver riletto l'opera a distanza di tanto tempo, sia su sollecitazione dell'impresario Carvalho, che aveva richiesto espressamente un coro al posto della morte di Macbeth. Piave lavorò in gran parte a Venezia, ma anche due volte insieme a Verdi a Sant'Agata nel gennaio 1865. In molti casi i suggerimenti di Verdi furono molto espliciti, è addirittura nel caso di "La luce langue" i versi sono quasi del tutto opera sua e della Strepponi. Non furono comunque intaccati i fondamenti del linguaggio della prima versione poetica: versi ficcanti, parole incisive, varietà di registri espressivi, alto e basso, comico e sublime. Lo stesso Verdi aveva richiesto a Piave di abbassare il registro linguistico per i cori delle streghe già all'epoca della prima versione, il cui sunto era stato preparato seguendo la traduzione italiana della tragedia compiuta da Carlo Rusconi nel 1838. Su questo libretto in italiano Verdi lavorò al rifacimento delle parti musicali e su questo libretto si esercitò la traduzione francese, che l'editore parigino Léon Escudier si incaricò fin dall'inizio di far preparare. Il problema di una traduzione in francese era sempre molto delicato, stante le diversità timbriche e prosodiche fra le due lingue. E infatti la traduzione Duprez, preoccupata di star dietro alla lettera, presentava evidenti diversità ritmiche rispetto alla musica, per cui Escudier, di certo consapevole ma anche constatata la disapprovazione di Verdi, in gennaio incaricò Charles Nuittier e Alexandre Beaumont, che già avevano tradotto in francese i libretti di *Zauberflöte* e *Tannhäuser*, ed a metà aprile era pronta. Proprio per la necessità di seguire il decorso ritmico dell'originale italiano (su cui Verdi aveva congruamente modellato la musica), la traduzione francese di *Macbeth* non può risultare sempre fedele alla lettera di quella italiana (lo è ad esempio nella scena del sonnambulismo, molto meno nel finale o nel coro iniziale del quarto atto) e talvolta attinge addirittura all'originale shakespeariano (inizio della scena delle streghe nel terzo atto).

Giuseppe Martini

Per gentile concessione del Teatro Regio di Parma

Atto primo

Alcune streghe si ritrovano commentando i loro ultimi malefici (coro: “Que fais-tu là ? dis-le moi !”). Ma ecco che Macbeth e Banco, di ritorno da una battaglia vinta contro ribelli, incontrano queste strane creature femminili, per quanto barbute e poco attraenti, che accolgono Macbeth con un sibillino saluto, apostrofandolo cioè prima come sire di Glamis, poi come signore di Caudor e infine come re di Scozia. Macbeth è stupito: se è vero che egli è sire di Glamis, non gli appartengono certo gli altri due titoli. Anche Banco, in apparenza scettico, chiede una profezia su di sé, e le donne rispondono che sarà non re ma genitore di re. Appena dissolte le misteriose profetesse, alcuni messaggeri del re di Scozia Duncano raggiungono Macbeth per comunicargli che è stato appena nominato sire di Caudor. Il vaticinio di quelle che oramai i due riconoscono come streghe getta Macbeth nel turbamento, mentre Banco lo guarda colpito da quell’atteggiamento sconvolto (duetto: “O prophétesses”). Intanto a castello Lady Macbeth, dopo aver letto la lettera con la quale il consorte la ragguaglia sull’inquietante profezia (scena: “Je les vis apparaître au jour de la victoire”), intuisce quali siano i disegni del marito, si rende conto di quanto sia desiderabile ma tortuosa la strada per metterli in pratica e, conoscendo il carattere di Macbeth, teme che si faccia prendere dall’esitazione (cavatina: “L’heure est prochaine”). Nell’attesa del re Duncano, il cui arrivo è annunciato imminente, Lady esorta all’azione il marito appena rientrato a castello. Macbeth decide di agire subito: dopo il rientro del corteo regale, tutti si ritirano nelle proprie stanze per la notte e Macbeth entra nella camera da letto del re. Ne esce con un pugnale insanguinato e il volto trasfigurato dal terrore (duetto: “Tout est fini !... Fatale épouse”). Lady esorta il marito a rientrare nella stanza e lasciare il pugnale sporco di sangue accanto ai servi che dormono, in modo che siano loro incolpati dell’assassinio, e alla sua titubanza gli carpisce l’arma e rientra lei stessa. Si sente bussare. Lady porta via il marito. Entra Macduff, che aveva l’incarico di svegliare il re, insieme a Banco, che avverte la sensazione di una tragedia imminente (scena “Voici l’heure où le roi”). E infatti Macduff esce dalla stanza del re sconvolto. Alle sue grida accorre tutto il castello, nell’incredulità e nello sconcerto generale (sestetto “Qu’il sente, ô juste ciel”).

Atto secondo

Il figlio di Duncano, accusato di parricidio, è fuggito. La strada di Macbeth verso il trono di Scozia a questo punto sembra spianata, ma resta l’ostacolo della stirpe di Banco, a cui era stato profetizzato il trono dalle streghe. In una stanza del castello, Macbeth sfoga la propria inquietudine con la moglie: adesso la profezia delle streghe gli impone un nuovo delitto, quello di Banco e di suo figlio. Ed è quello che si avvia a fare, spronato da Lady che, rimasta sola, esprime l’orgoglio del potere pur rimanendo turbata da un oscuro timore (aria “L’heure s’avance”). I sicari sono pronti per

l'imboscata a Banco e a suo figlio (coro "Qui vous fait vous joindre à nous?"). In una notte dall'aspetto sinistro che a Banco ricorda quella in cui fu ucciso Duncano, (adagio "Par une aussi terrible nuit") i sicari lo colpiscono a morte, ma falliscono il colpo al figlio Fleanzio, che riesce a fuggire. Informato del fatto durante un sontuoso banchetto, Macbeth rimane scosso dalla notizia e non a caso, appena iniziato il brindisi da Lady ("Par toi, vin généreux"), gli appare lo spettro di Banco seduto a tavola, gettandolo in un delirio che sconvolge i commensali ("D'où vient ce sang sur ton visage ?"). Lady cerca di calmarlo, inutilmente proponendo un nuovo brindisi per distrarre dall'inquietante situazione una compagnia di invitati che non riesce a capire il motivo di quello sconcertante comportamento (quartetto "Noir souci qui me dévore !").

Atto terzo

Le streghe sono tornate riunirsi intorno a un pentolone bollente (incantesimo "Écoute ! le chat-tigre a miaulé trois fois"). Arriva Ecate insieme a diavoli e spiriti maligni, annunciando che la fine di Macbeth non può più essere rimandata (scena di balletto). Si scatena allora un sabba, al termine del quale arriva proprio Macbeth per consultare di nuovo le streghe. Il verdetto è oscuro: sorge da terra una testa con un elmo, e una voce esorta il re a diffidare di Macduff; poi ecco un ragazzo insanguinato, e una seconda voce assicura Macbeth che non gli nuocerà alcuno nato da donna; infine, all'apparizione di un ragazzo coronato, una terza voce gli rivela che regnerà fino a che non vedrà la foresta di Birna muovergli incontro. Non pago, Macbeth chiede se la stirpe di Banco regnerà (scena delle apparizioni: "Spectre, parle !"). A quel punto scompare il pentolone e appare una processione di otto re, l'ultimo dei quali è Banco con uno specchio in mano. Macbeth tenta di assalirli, ma cade a terra svenuto. Durante il torpore, danzano su di lui spiriti di ondine e silfidi, evocati dalle streghe (coro e ballabile "Sylphes ! légers enfants"). Una volta che queste si sono allontanate, arriva Lady: conforta il marito risvegliato e si convincono che per mantenere il potere sulla Scozia sarà sufficiente eliminare Macduff e Fleanzio (duetto "Heure de mort et de vengeance").

Atto quarto

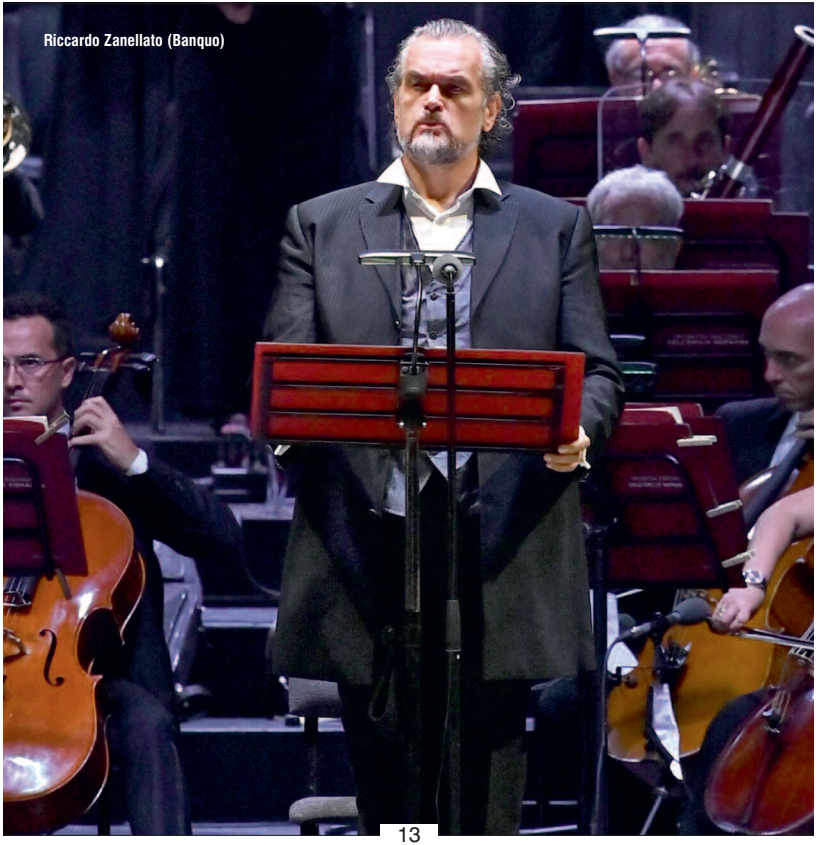
Nelle vicinanze della foresta di Birna, al confine fra Inghilterra e Scozia, i profughi scozzesi piangono la funesta condizione della loro patria oppressa da un re che sta spargendo sangue ovunque (coro: "O patrie ! ô nobleterre !"). Macduff, a cui il re ha fatto uccidere moglie e figli (aria "Ah ! c'est la main d'un père"), è però deciso a vendicarsi. Arriva a quel punto Malcom, figlio di Duncano, a capo di un esercito di inglesi: il suo piano prevede che i soldati si mimetizzino prendendo in mano un grosso ramo della foresta e poi avanzino lentamente verso le truppe di Macbeth (cabaletta "De la patrie en larmes"). Intanto a castello Lady è in pieno delirio, sotto gli occhio pietosi del medico e di una dama di

compagnia: sonnambula, crede di avere una macchia sulla veste che continua vanamente e pulire, ed è ossessionata dall'avere le mani sporche di sangue (scena del sonnambulismo: "Une tache que rien n'efface !"). A sua volta in un'altra stanza Macbeth, che si sta preparando a combattere contro Malcom, sente l'oppressione di una vita delittuosa che non gli restituirà mai più la dolcezza dei sentimenti riservati alla vecchiaia (aria "Honneurs, respect, tendresse"). Ormai indurito a ogni sentimento, persino la notizia della morte della moglie lo lascia indifferente. Ma non così all'annuncio che la foresta di Birna si sta muovendo contro di lui: riconosce l'avverarsi della profezia delle streghe, ma non si fa intimorire, esce pronto alla battaglia ("Plus de ruse, amis") nella quale si trova a tu per tu con Macduff. Questi gli rivela di essere stato salvato alla nascita, quando fu strappato dal ventre della madre appena morta: Macbeth si rende conto che dunque Macduff è il "non nato di donna" di cui parlarono le streghe (scena "Assassin de mes fils"). Ai due non resta che battersi, e si allontanano mentre duellano. La battaglia è all'acme. Si sentono grida di vittoria. Malcom, seguito da Macduff e dai soldati, annuncia che Macbeth è stato ucciso in duello. Tutti tirano un sospiro di sollievo, mentre Malcom viene acclamato nuovo re di Scozia.

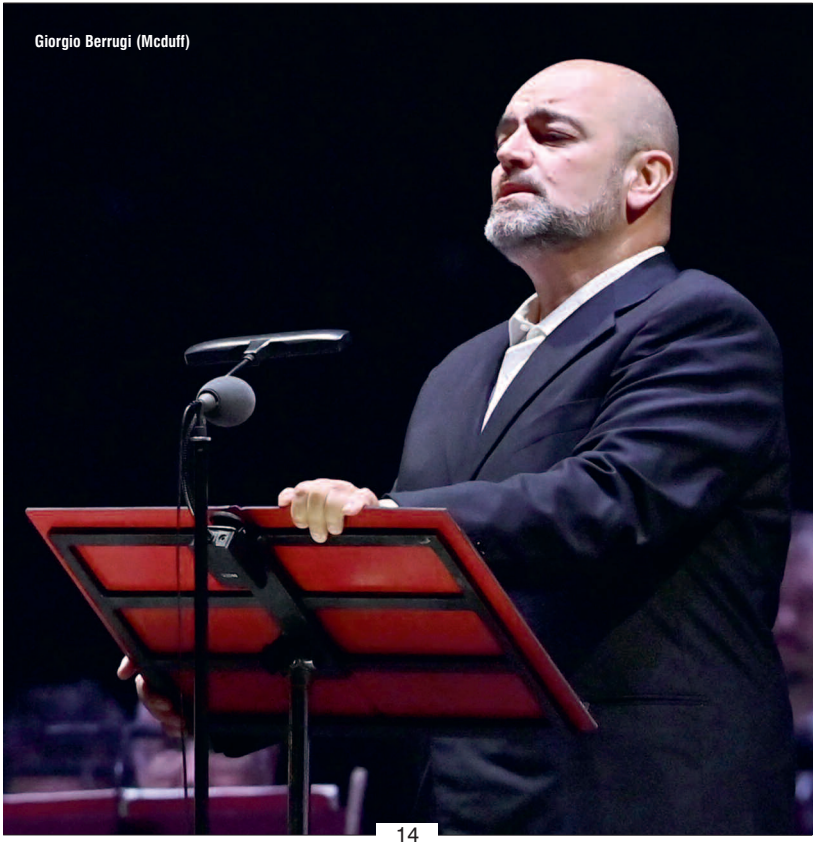
Roberto Abbado

Ludovic Tézier (Macbeth)

Silvia Dalla Benetta (Lady Macbeth)



Riccardo Zanellato (Banquo)



Giorgio Berrugi (Mcduff)

David Astorga (Malcolm)

THE OPERA

In March 1864 the manager of Paris's Théâtre Lyrique Impérial, Léon Carvalho, informed Verdi that he wished to stage a French version of *Macbeth*, a title the composer had already had in mind to have translated for the Opéra in 1847, shortly after its première at Florence's Pergola theatre, though the plan had failed to take shape. Having received Carvalho's proposition and dug up the score completed sixteen years before, Verdi immediately realized that many parts of the 1847 opera no longer met the taste of the mid '60s or reflected his own musical development, namely Lady Macbeth's aria in Act Two, some parts of the scene of the apparitions with Macbeth's aria in Act Three, and the first scenes of Act Four; they had to be re-written from scratch and, to indulge the taste of Parisian audiences, he would have to insert the mandatory ballet and, on Carvalho's request, substitute Macbeth's final aria with a chorus. To Verdi's warning that he would need time, Carvalho replied with a generous offer of compensation and the assurance that he would pay for the libretto's translation. Won over by these arguments, Verdi set down to work at the beginning of December 1864, and on 3rd February 1865 he sent the completed score to Ricordi. The new parts of the libretto were entrusted to Francesco Maria Piave. The ballet was inserted, most appropriately, in Act Three (when Macbeth goes to consult the witches): a ballabile in five movements with the apparition of Hecate closed by a sabbath before Macbeth's arrival, and a dance of nymphs and sylphs over the unconscious Macbeth, who has fainted after the prophecies.

The new *Macbeth* staged at the Théâtre Lyrique on 21st April 1865, incidentally without Verdi's presence and to lukewarm success, was therefore a musically re-worked opera on the Italian 1847 libretto some parts of which had been re-written, and which had then been translated into French exclusively for the Parisian performances. The opera's theatrical life, after that, continued in the new Italian version, which was premièred in 1874 at La Scala in Milan and is still the most frequently represented in world theatres. Compared to the 1847 version, the new one foregoes the woeful intimism of Macbeth's final scene – he now dies behind the scenes – and enhances the murky hue that met Verdi's desire to convey Shakespeare's realism and taste for the fantastic, which had represented, from the very start, his chance to deal with unusual theatrical characters, compared to the standards of Italian opera, and to use expressive solutions closer to his ambitions of innovation and realism. Hence Verdi's interest in spectacular effects and the power of words and gestures, on which, also in 1865, he focused and for which he gave categorical specifications. In addition to staging the supernatural, Verdi's goal in *Macbeth* was to convey the obscure jumble of the human soul by showing the priority of civic values and the threats of a psyche's fragilities, a goal that was only achievable through a brutal impact;

this in 1865 came as unexpected, due to the aesthetic parameters of the day, and would only be fully appreciated in the second half of the 1900s.

THE LIBRETTO

The revision Francesco Maria Piave made between November 1864 and the beginning of February 1865 of the 1847 libretto, which had partly been his own work, partly (the last two acts) Andrea Maffei's, concerned above all the rewrite of Lady Macbeth's aria in Act One ("Trionfai", replaced by "La luce langue"), the recitative and scene of the apparitions, the Act Three duet ("Ora di morte" in place of "Vada in fiamme"), and the last finale, where a victory song substitutes Macbeth's "Mal per me che m'appressai". The changes had appeared necessary to Verdi both in re-reading the opera after so many years and because of the requests of the impresario Carvalho, who had specifically asked for a chorus in place of Macbeth's death. Piave worked mostly in Venice, but also twice with Verdi in Sant'Agata, in January 1865. In many cases, Verdi's suggestions were very explicit, and for "La luce langue" the verses were even entirely written by him and Strepponi. The first version's language foundations, in any case, remained untouched: sharp verses, incisive words, variety of expressive registers, high and low, comic and sublime. Verdi had asked Piave to lower the language register for the witches' choruses already at the time of the first version, the layout of which had been made on the basis of Carlo Rusconi's 1838 Italian translation of Shakespeare's tragedy. Verdi worked on the new Italian libretto when he re-wrote his musical parts, and from it the French translation – which the Parisian publisher Léon Escudier had promised from the beginning to have prepared – was made. To translate an Italian opera into French has always been a sensitive issue, because of the tone-colour and prosodical differences between the two languages. Indeed, Duprez's translation, so concerned with being literal, had a different rhythm from the music; having realised that and seen Verdi's disapproval, in January Escudier entrusted the job to Charles Nuittier and Alexandre Beaumont, who had already translated into French the librettos of *Zauberflöte* and *Tannhäuser*, and by the middle of April it was done. Indeed, because it follows the rhythm of the Italian original text (on which Verdi had modelled his music) the French translation of *Macbeth* is not always literally faithful (it is, for example, in the sleepwalking scene, much less so in the finale or in the chorus that opens Act Four) and sometimes even draws from Shakespeare's text (the beginning of the witches' scene in Act Three).

Giuseppe Martini
Courtesy of the Teatro Regio di Parma

Act One

A group of witches meet and discuss their evil spells (Chorus: “Que fais-tu là ? dis-le moi !”). They are interrupted by the arrival of Macbeth and Banquo, back from defeating some rebels; the two men, puzzled by the sight of those strange creatures, sporting beards and not very feminine in aspect, are welcomed by a mysterious greeting, which hails Macbeth as thane of Glamis, thane of Cawdor and, finally, King of Scotland. He is stunned, for while he is, indeed, thane of Glamis, the other two titles do not belong to him. Banquo, initially sceptical, asks for an oracle on his own future, and the witches reply that he will not be king but father of kings. As soon as the mysterious prophetesses have vanished, some messengers from the current King of Scotland, Duncan, arrive to inform Macbeth that he has been made thane of Cawdor. The fulfilment of the witches’ oracle seems to trouble Macbeth, which puzzles Banquo (Duet: “O prophétesses”). At Macbeth’s castle, Lady Macbeth has just read a letter informing her of the oracle (Scene: “Je les vis apparaître au jour de la victoire”); she senses that her husband covets the throne but, knowing how difficult this is to achieve and how hesitant Macbeth can be, fears that he will not have the strength for it (Cavatina: “L’heure est prochaine”). While they wait for the arrival of King Duncan, who is to spend the night at the castle, Lady Macbeth urges her husband, who has returned, to take advantage of the circumstances. Macbeth seems ready: indeed, after the royal procession and all have retired for the night, he creeps into the king’s bedroom and kills him. When he comes out with his dagger stained in blood and his face transfigured by terror (Duet: “Tout est fini !... Fatale épouse”), Lady Macbeth urges him to return inside and leave the incriminating weapon near the sleeping servants; seeing him waver, she grabs the dagger and does so herself. Someone knocks. Lady Macbeth drags her husband away. Enters Macduff, who has the task of waking the king up, and Banquo, who has inklings of an imminent tragedy (Scene “Voici l’heure où le roi”). Indeed, a moment later Macduff rushes out of the King’s bedroom deeply shocked. His cries wake up the entire castle, and all are left bewildered and appalled (Sextet “Qu’il sente, ô juste ciel”).

Act Two

Duncan’s son, accused of parricide, has fled to England. Macbeth’s path to the throne of Scotland would be free, if it were not for the obstacle of Banquo’s stock, to whom the witches have prophesized a future as kings. In a room of the castle, Macbeth tells his wife that the oracle drives him to a new crime, he must kill Banquo and his son. He receives the encouragement of Lady Macbeth, who, left alone, expresses her yearning to become queen and, at the same time, a mysterious trouble (Aria “L’heure s’avance”). On a mountain path, some assassins stand ready to pounce on Banquo and his son (Chorus “Qui vous fait vous joindre à nous?”). It is a sinister

night, which reminds Banquo of the one when Duncan was killed (Adagio "Par une aussi terrible nuit"); the assassins do not fail and wound him to death, but Banquo's son Fleance manages to escape. Informed of what has happened during a banquet, Macbeth is deeply troubled by the news; during Lady Macbeth's toast ("Par toi, vin généreux"), he falls prey to the delusion of seeing Banquo's accusing ghost, which throws him into a state of mad agitation, deeply upsetting his guests ("D'où vient ce sang sur ton visage ?"). Lady Macbeth tries to calm him down, vainly proposing a new toast to distract the guests from Macbeth's embarrassing and – for them – incomprehensible behaviour (Quartet "Noir souci qui me dévore !").

Act Three

The witches have gathered once again around a boiling cauldron ("Écoute ! le chat-tigre a miaulé trois fois"). Hecate arrives with demons and evil spirits, and they dance a sabbath (ballet scene), at the end of which Macbeth himself shows up. He has come to consult the witches again. The oracle's verdict is obscure: a ghost exhorts Macbeth to beware of Macduff; a second one reassures Macbeth, no man born of a woman can harm him; finally, a crowned young man appears, but the oracle tells Macbeth that he will live and reign until Birnam wood moves against him. Not satisfied, Macbeth asks the spirits whether Banquo's stock will ever reign (Scene of the apparitions: "Spectre, parle !"). At that point, a procession of eight kings appears, the last of whom is Banquo holding a mirror. Macbeth would throw himself against them, but falls to the ground, unconscious. Conjured up by the witches, spirits and sylphids revive him (Chorus and ballabile "Sylphes ! légers enfants"). Once they have left, Lady Macbeth arrives: she comforts her husband and together they decide that, to keep control over the throne of Scotland, they must now kill Macduff and Fleance (Duet "Heure de mort et de vengeance").

Act Four

Near Birnam Wood, on the border between England and Scotland, some Scottish exiles mourn their dismal situation and oppressed country, ruled by a tyrant who has plunged every family in grief (Chorus: "O patrie ! ô noble-terre !"). Macduff, of whom the king has killed wife and children (Aria "Ah ! c'est la main d'un père"), is determined to avenge himself. At that moment he is joined by Malcolm, Duncan's son, leading some English troops; to hide their approach, he has devised a plan: each soldier will tear a large branch off a tree of the wood and camouflage himself behind it, slowly advancing towards Macbeth's army (Cabaletta "De la patrie en larmes"). Meanwhile, at the castle, Lady Macbeth is raving, under the troubled eyes of her doctor and Lady-in-waiting: sleepwalking, she thinks her gown has a stain that does not want to come off, and that her bloodied hands cannot be cleaned (Sleepwalking scene:

"Une tache que rien n'efface !"). In another room, as he prepares to face Malcolm in battle, Macbeth feels the guilt of all his crimes and the oppression of knowing that he will never know the sweet feelings proper to old age (Aria "Honneurs, respect, tendresse"). Hardened as he has become, he receives with indifference even the news of his wife's death. He shakes out of his musings, however, when informed that Birnam Wood is moving towards him: he realizes that the witches' oracle is coming true, but he summons his courage and rushes off, ready for battle ("Plus de ruse, amis"). When he finds himself face to face with Macduff, the latter reveals to him that he was not 'born' but lifted out of his dead mother's womb: Macbeth understands that Macduff is the "man not born of a woman" the witches were talking about (Scene "Assassin de mes fils"). The two start to duel. The fight outside the castle is also at its height. Soon, cries of victory resound. Malcolm enters with Macduff and some soldiers and announces that Macbeth has died. All rejoice at the news, and Malcolm is hailed as the new King of Scotland.

LIBRETTO

with parallel English translation

Macbeth
Opéra en quatre actes tiré de Shakespeare
Paroles de Charles Nuittier et Alexandre Beaumont
Musique de Giuseppe Verdi

Macbeth	*barytone*
Macduff	*tenor*
Banquo	*bas*
Malcolm	*tenor*
Un Médecin	*bas*
Un Sicaire	*bas*
Duncan	-
Fleance	-
Lady Macbeth	*soprano*
La Comtesse	*mezzosoprano*
Hécate	-

Seigneurs, dames, officiers, soldats, sorcières, fantômes

ACTE PREMIER

Premier tableau.
Le théâtre représente la lisière d'un bois.

01 Prélude

Scène première
Les sorcières

02 Première sorcière - Que fais-tu là ? Dis-le moi !

Macbeth
Opera in four acts drawn from Shakespeare
Libretto by Charles Nuittier and Alexandre Beaumont
Music by Giuseppe Verdi

Macbeth	*baritone*
Macduff	*tenor*
Banquo	*bass*
Malcolm	*tenor*
Doctor	*bass*
Assassin	*bass*
Duncan	-
Fleance	-
Lady Macbeth	*soprano*
Countess	*mezzo-soprano*
Hecate	-

Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Witches, Spirits

ACT ONE

First tableau.
The edge of a forest.

01 Prelude

First Scene
Witches

02 First witch - What are you doing? Tell me!

Deuxième sorcière - J'ai tué la chèvre. Et toi ?
Première sorcière - Je cherchais l'herbe sauvage ;
mais la femme d'un marin
se trouva sur mon chemin.
Elle a gâté mon ouvrage ;
pour la peine, son mari
dans une heure aura péri.
Deuxième sorcière - Je seconde ton effort.
Troisième sorcière - Je te donne un vent du nord.
Toutes - Il a mérité la mort,
oui, sur lui jetons un sort ;
qu'il ne rentre plus au port !
On entend un roulement de tambour.
Première sorcière - Le tambour bat !
Et pourquoi ?
Deuxième sorcière - C'est Macbeth !
Oui, je le vois !
Chœur - En sorcières vagabondes ;
sur la terre, sur les ondes,
promenons nos folles rondes
à travers l'air et la mer !
Je navigue sur un crible,
j'ai les ailes de l'oiseau
pour nous le beau c'est l'horrible,
et l'horrible c'est le beau.
En sorcières vagabondes,
sur la terre, sur les ondes,
promenons nos folles rondes !
Dans les airs, sur les mers
tous chemins nous sont ouverts.

Second witch - I've slit a goat's throat. And you?
First witch - I went looking for wild grasses,
but the wife of a seaman
got in my way.
She disturbed me in my work;
just for that, her husband
will perish within the hour.
Second witch - I'll help you do that.
Third witch - I'll provide a north wind.
All - He deserves to die,
yes, let's cast a curse on him;
he'll never return to the harbour!
A roll of drums is heard.
First witch - A drum!
What can it be?
Second witch - It's Macbeth!
Yes, I can see him!
Chorus - We're wandering witches;
on the earth, on the waves,
we dance wild round dances
across the air and the sea!
I sail on a sieve,
I have a bird's wings,
we hate what is beautiful
and love what is horrible.
We're wandering witches;
on the earth, on the waves,
we dance wild round dances!
Across the air and over the sea,
no place is inaccessible to us.

Scène deuxième
Macbeth, Banquo, les sorcières.

03 **Macbeth** - Quelle journée et triste et favorable !
Banquo - Et pour vous mémorable !
(*apercevant les sorcières*)
Qui vois-je auprès de nous ?
D'où venez-vous ?
De cette terre ou du pays des âmes ?
Etes-vous donc des femmes ?
A voir vos traits et ces barbes j'hésite, répondez vite !
Les Sorcières - « Salut Macbeth !
Thane de Glamis !
Salut Macbeth ! Thane de Caudore !
Salut Macbeth, roi d'Écosse ! »
Banquo - (*s'apercevant du trouble de Macbeth*)
Pourquoi trembler à ces heureux augures ?
(*aux sorcières*) Daignerez-vous, étranges créatures,
parler aussi de mes grandeurs futures ?
Les Sorcières - (*à Banquo*)
« Salut ! Salut ! Salut !
Ton destin est moins grand mais plus prospère.
Bien moins heureux, mais plus heureux, espère.
Sans être roi de rois tu seras père.
Salut, Macbeth ! Salut, Banquo ! »
Elles disparaissent

Scène troisième
Macbeth, Banquo, puis des Messagers.

Macbeth - Tout fuit !

Scene 2
Macbeth, Banquo, Witches.

03 **Macbeth** - What a day both sad and favourable!
Banquo - And, for you, memorable!
(*Noticing the witches*)
Who are they?
Where do you come from?
Are you from this world or from the next?
Should I call you women?
Your features and beards make me hesitate, answer me, quickly!
Witches - "Hail, Macbeth!
Thane of Glamis!
Hail, Macbeth! Thane of Cawdor!
Hail, Macbeth, King of Scotland!"
Banquo - (*noticing Macbeth's trouble*)
Why tremble for such fine prophecies?
(*To the witches*) Strange creatures, do you
forecast a great future to me as well?
Witches - (*to Banquo*)
"Hail! Hail! Hail!
Your future is less great yet greater.
Not so happy yet happier.
You won't be king but father of kings.
Hail, Macbeth! Hail, Banquo! »
They disappear

Scene 3
Macbeth, Banquo, then some Messengers.

Macbeth - Vanished!

(*à Banquo*) Pour tes enfants le diadème !
Banquo - Mais d'abord pour toi-même.
Tous deux - Ah ! Quel mystère !
Des messagers du roi Duncan entrent.
04 **Chœur** - Ô Macbeth !
Le roi notre sire t'a fait
thane de Caudore.
Macbeth - Mais ce thane gouverne encore !
Chœur - Non ! Ce traître
qui trompa son maître,
gémit dans les fers.
Banquo - (*avec surprise*) Ah ! C'est l'oracle
des enfers !
Macbeth - (*à lui-même*) Ô prophétesses,
de vos promesses
le rang suprême
c'est la troisième !
Terrible attente,
qui m'épouvante !
Rêve d'un traître,
qui t'a fait naître ?
Cette couronne,
que l'on me donne,
je l'abandonne,
je n'en veux pas !
Banquo - (*observant Macbeth*)
L'orgueil l'excite,
l'espoir l'agite,
son cœur ne pense
qu'à la puissance.
Du noir royaume,
un vain fantôme,
par une ruse
souvent abuse ;
puis la victime,

(*To Banquo*) Your children will reign!
Banquo - But first you will.
Both - Ah! What a mystery!
Messengers from King Duncan enter.
04 **Chorus** - Macbeth!
Our Lord has made you
thane of Cawdor.
Macbeth - But that thane still rules!
Chorus - He does not! The traitor,
who deceived his master,
moans in prison.
Banquo - (*in surprise*) Ah! It's the oracle
come true!
Macbeth - (*to himself*) Oh prophetesses,
of your promises
it is the third
that forecasts a crown!
Dreadful waiting,
I'm seized by fear!
Dream of betrayal
where do you come from?
The crown
that fate offers me,
I do not want it,
I will not take it!
Banquo - (*observing Macbeth*)
He's filled with pride,
hope excites him,
his heart is set
on achieving power.
A vain spirit
of the dark kingdom
sometimes misleads us
with its deceits;
then the victim,

poussée au crime,
trouve un abîme
prêt sous ses pas !
Macbeth - De deux présages je tiens le gage !
Un diadème, c'est le troisième
Chœur - *(regardant Macbeth)*
Quel front sévère,
quand pour lui plaire,
un sort prospère
conduit ses pas !
Macbeth reste plongé dans une sombre méditation. Banquo vient à lui. Ils partent ensemble, les Messagers les suivent.

Scène quatrième
Les sorcières.
Elles reviennent de tous côtés suivant des yeux Macbeth et Banquo qui s'éloignent.

05 **Chœur** - Ils sont bien loin déjà,
suivons leurs traces ;
et quand l'éclair luira
montrons nos faces.
Partons ! Des prophétesses
le noir enfer accomplit les promesses.
Bientôt Macbeth près de lui nous verra,
et notre oracle à son cœur parlera.
Fuyons ! La lune est claire !
Au loin sur la bruyère,
allons, courons ! Partons ! Fuyons !
Elles disparaissent.

Deuxième tableau
Le château de Macbeth, au fond vaste galerie, à droite l'appartement de Macbeth.

driven to crime,
finds an abyss
on his path!
Macbeth - Two omens offer me promises!
But the third offers me a crown.
Chorus - *(observing Macbeth)*
What a stern brow
just when he ought to be happy,
when a prosperous fate
guides his steps!
Macbeth remains absorbed in thought. Banquo approaches him. They leave together, followed by the Messengers.

Scene 4
Witches.
They return from all sides, following with their eyes Macbeth and Banquo, who are going away.

05 **Chorus** - They're far away already,
let's follow in their footsteps;
and when the lightning flashes,
we'll show ourselves.
Let's be off! Black hell
will fulfil the prophetesses' promises.
Soon we shall appear to Macbeth
and our oracle will speak to his heart.
Let's flee! The moon is bright!
Away, to the heath,
let's go, hurry! Let's go! Let's flee!
They disappear.

Second tableau
Inside Macbeth's castle; at the back a wide corridor, on the right Macbeth's rooms.

Scène première

06 **Lady Macbeth** - (*elle arriva en lisant une lettre*)
« Je les vis apparaître au jour de la victoire,
des témoignages sûrs en elles
m'ont fait croire.
Les hérauts de Duncan sont accourus vers moi,
me nommant thane de Caudore.
Elles l'avaient prédit et m'avaient dit encore :
salut ! Toi qui seras roi !
J'ai cru devoir te l'annoncer d'avance
pour réjouir ton cœur.
Adieu, silence ! »
Tu prétends, Macbeth, à la couronne,
mais il faut conquérir chaque marche du trône.
Oui, trop loyal, ton esprit hésite et se glace ;
tu rougirais d'un crime et ton cœur sans audace
n'a pas l'instinct du mal !
Viens ! Viens ! Sois homme ! Il faut régner !
Tu dois braver le blâme.
L'heure est prochaine et va sonner,
que mon ardeur t'enflamme !
Que la voix d'une femme
parle à ton âme !
L'Écosse enfin salue en toi son roi ;
on te promet un trône,
accepte la noble couronne ;
tout doit subir ta loi !

Scène deuxième
Lady Macbeth, un serviteur.

07 **Un serviteur** - Ce soir même le roi vous rend visite.

First Scene

06 **Lady Macbeth** - (*reading a letter*)
"I met them on the day of victory,
I found them reliable
and I believe in what they said.
Duncan's Messengers came to me,
they hailed me thane of Cawdor.
They had forecast it and had also said:
hail! You will be king!
I have informed you in advance
to make your heart rejoice.
Farewell, keep it a secret!"
You want the crown, Macbeth,
but a throne must be conquered step by step.
Your overly loyal nature hesitates and freezes;
you'd find a crime disgraceful, your weak heart
has no instinct for wickedness!
Come now! Be a man! You're to be king!
You must conquer guilt.
The moment is here,
let my ardour inflame you!
Let your wife's voice
speak to your soul!
Scotland finally hails you as its king;
you have been promised a throne,
accept the noble crown;
all must be subject to your law!

Scene 2
Lady Macbeth, a servant.

07 **Servant** - This very evening the King will come here.

Lady Macbeth - Le roi ! Macbeth l'amène ?
Le serviteur - On voit d'ici
le prince avec sa suite.
Lady Macbeth - Bien !
Faites-lui l'accueil qu'un roi mérite.
Le serviteur sort.

Scène troisième

Lady Macbeth - Duncan ici, ce soir !
Lui ! Notre hôte !
Dans notre demeure,
qu'il entre et qu'il meure,
lui même à cette heure
se livre à nos bras.
Ô nuit protectrice,
que l'ombre s'épaississe !
Ah ! Sois ma complice,
que rien ne trahisse,
la main qui, propice,
le mène au trépas.

Scène quatrième
Lady Macbeth, Macbeth

08 **Macbeth** - (*arrivant par le fond*)
Ma noble dame !
Lady Macbeth - (*courant au-devant de lui*)
Caudore !
Macbeth - Ce soir le roi m'honore...
Lady Macbeth - (*l'interrompant*) Et quand
part-il ?
Macbeth - Demain.
Lady Macbeth - Ce lendemain
longtemps il doit l'attendre.

Lady Macbeth - The King! Is Macbeth with him?
Servant - From here I can see
the prince in his retinue.
Lady Macbeth - Very well!
Give him the welcome a king deserves.
The servant leaves.

Scene 3

Lady Macbeth - Duncan here, tonight!
He! Our guest!
In our mansion,
let him be welcomed and die,
he's delivering himself
to our blows.
Oh night,
cover us in darkness!
Ah! Be my accomplice,
let nothing betray us,
hide the providential hand
that gives him death.

Scene 4
Lady Macbeth, Macbeth

08 **Macbeth** - (*entering by the back*)
My lady!
Lady Macbeth - (*rushing to him*)
Cawdor!
Macbeth - Tonight the King will honour me...
Lady Macbeth - (*interrupting him*) And when
will he leave?
Macbeth - Tomorrow.
Lady Macbeth - He will wait
a long time for that morrow.

Macbeth - Que dis-tu ?
Lady Macbeth - Sais-tu m'entendre ?
Macbeth - (*troublé*) J'entends ! J'entends !
Lady Macbeth - Enfin !
Macbeth - Si le succès nous trompe ?
Lady Macbeth - Il est certain,
si tu ne trembles pas.
(*on entend des fanfares*)
Le roi ! Va ! Prends courage !
Un gai visage ! Courons sur son chemin.
Elle sort avec Macbeth au devant du roi.

Scène cinquième
Duncan, Malcolm, Banquo, Macduff, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, La comtesse, seigneurs, dames, soldats.
On voit passer au fond le roi Duncan suivi de seigneurs et de son escorte. Macbeth et Lady Macbeth, environnés de leurs serviteurs, lui font les honneurs du château. Le cortège passe.

Scène sixième
Macbeth, un serviteur.

09 **Macbeth** - (*Il reparait au fond, à un serviteur qui l'accompagne*)
Préviens lady Macbeth,
qu'on m'obéisse ;
et quand tout sera prêt,
que la cloche résonne et m'avertisse.
Le serviteur s'incline et sort.

Macbeth - What do you mean?
Lady Macbeth - Don't you understand?
Macbeth - (*troubled*) I do! I do!
Lady Macbeth - Finally!
Macbeth - What if the plan fails?
Lady Macbeth - It won't,
if you don't waver.
(*Sounds of celebration are heard*)
The King! Come! Take heart!
A cheerful face! Let's go to meet him.
She leaves with Macbeth to meet the King.

Scene 5
Duncan, Malcolm, Banquo, Macduff, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, the Countess, Gentlemen, Ladies, Soldiers.
King Duncan is seen crossing the hall followed by his retinue. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, surrounded by their servants, bow to him. The procession passes.

Scene 6
Macbeth, a Servant.

09 **Macbeth** - (*reappearing, to a servant who is with him*)
Inform Lady Macbeth
that she's to do as I ordered;
and when all is ready,
a bell must alert me.
The servant bows and leaves.

Scène septième

Macbeth - (*Il semble obsédé par une vision*)
Ce poignard ! Devant moi !
L'arme m'échappe !
Si ton fer est du fer, viens que je frappe !
Tu me fuis ! Pourtant je te vois !
Vers cette voûte,
tu parais me guider, et quand je doute,
tu me montres la route !
(*regardant le poignard qu'il porte*)
Horrible image !
A ce poignard je vois du sang la souillure ;
pourtant sa lame est pure !
Mon œil hagard n'ose plus quitter la terre.
Le sol m'échappe et fuit à mon regard,
sombre chimère !
Sur la moitié du monde
vient la nuit profonde,
spectre sanglant, c'est le meurtre sombre
qui glisse dans l'ombre.
C'est l'instant des mystères
et des sorcières.
Il regarde autour de lui avec effroi.
Sol immuable,
soutiens mon pas coupable !
(*on entend un son de cloche*)
Son terrible ! Là-bas
Duncan sommeille ;
ah ! Qu'il ferme l'oreille,
oui, pour le ciel ou pour l'enfer
c'est le glas qui l'éveille !
Il tire son poignard et court du côté de l'appartement de Duncan.

Scene 7

Macbeth - (*as if haunted by a vision*)
A dagger! Before me!
The weapon escapes me!
If your iron is iron, come here, I must strike!
You fly from me! Yet I see you!
To that passageway
you seem to guide me, and if I waver,
you show me the way!
(*Looking at his own dagger*)
Horrible vision!
I see this dagger covered in blood,
yet its blade is clean!
I dare not lift my frightened eyes from the ground.
Yet the ground escapes me, it flees from my gaze!
What a gloomy fantasy!
Half of the world
is covered in darkness,
a blood-stained ghost, death,
creeps through the shadows.
It's the hour of secrets
and witches.
He looks around in fear.
Immovable ground,
support my guilty feet!
(*a bell rings*)
Dreadful sound! In there
Duncan slumbers;
ah! May he cover his ears,
yes, this is the death knell
for heaven or for hell!
He draws his dagger and rushes to the rooms where Duncan sleeps.

Scène huitième
Lady Macbeth, Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth - (*elle vient par la galerie*)
Tout repose sans crainte.
Quel cri funèbre ! Ah ! Quelle plainte,
l'oiseau des nuits gémit.
Macbeth - (*au dedans*) Qui vient !
Lady Macbeth - Ô ciel !
Malheur s'il se réveille avant le coup mortel !

Scène neuvième
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth.

Macbeth - Tout est fini !
10 Fatale épouse, écoute au loin
ce cri terrible et sombre.
Lady Macbeth - Ta crainte est vaine, nul témoin
n'a vu tes pas dans l'ombre.
Macbeth - Hélas !
Lady Macbeth - N'as-tu donc pas parlé,
dis-moi ?
Macbeth - (*troublé*) De là peut-être...
Lady Macbeth - Oui !
Macbeth - Dans la chambre voisine
qui repose ?
Lady Macbeth - Le fils du roi.
Macbeth - (*regardant sa main*)
Ô main sanglante !
Ah ! Quel effroi !
Lady Macbeth - Détourne tes regards !
Macbeth - Du sang autour de moi !
Quelle horrible voix !
Ils sommeillaient en murmurant :
« Sauve-nous, Dieu suprême ! »

Scene 8
Lady Macbeth, Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth - (*coming from the corridor*)
Everyone is peacefully asleep.
What a dismal sound! Ah! What moaning,
the owl cries out.
Macbeth - (*inside*) Who's coming?
Lady Macbeth - Oh Heaven!
What if he woke up before the fatal blow?

Scene 9
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth.

Macbeth - It is all over!
10 Fated spouse, do you hear
that terrible, gloomy cry?
Lady Macbeth - Vain fear! No one
saw you creep in the shadows.
Macbeth - Alas!
Lady Macbeth - It wasn't you, then, who
spoke?
Macbeth - (*troubled*) In there perhaps...
Lady Macbeth - Yes!
Macbeth - Who sleeps
in the next room?
Lady Macbeth - The King's son.
Macbeth - (*looking at his hand*)
My hand is covered in blood!
Ah! How dreadful!
Lady Macbeth - Look away!
Macbeth - There is blood all around me!
Horrible sight!
In their sleep, they prayed,
"Save us, Almighty God!"

Et j'ai voulu, les écoutant,
prier aussi moi-même.
Mais sur mes lèvres sans sortir
le son semblait mourir !
Lady Macbeth - Folie ! Folie !
Macbeth - D'où vient que je ne peux
prier aussi comme eux !
Lady Macbeth - Folie ! Allons !
Oublie !
Macbeth - J'entends, ô délire,
une voix me dire :
à toi le martyre
des veilles sans fin.
Non, jamais n'espère
jouir sur la terre
du sommeil prospère,
tué par ta main !
Lady Macbeth - Mais n'entends-tu pas
la voix qui crie :
Macbeth qui s'oublie
de lui se défie.
La crainte le glace,
et, traître à sa race,
il n'a ni l'audace,
ni le cœur d'un roi.
Macbeth - J'entend, ô détresse,
la voix vengeresse
redire sans cesse
ses nobles vertus.
Lady Macbeth - Échappe à l'empire
d'un triste délire
que peut-il te dire
celui qui n'est plus !
Macbeth - Tout semble me redire
ses royales vertus !

And as I listened,
I wanted to pray too.
But I couldn't form the words,
they died on my lips!
Lady Macbeth - Madness! Madness!
Macbeth - Why is it
that I cannot pray like them?
Lady Macbeth - Madness! Let's leave!
Forget it!
Macbeth - In my raving, I hear
a voice saying to me:
to you the punishment
of sleepless nights.
No, never hope
to enjoy again on earth
restful sleep,
you yourself have murdered it!
Lady Macbeth - Do you not hear
the voice that cries:
if Macbeth loses himself
don't trust him,
fear freezes him
and, a traitor to his kind,
he has neither the bravery
nor the heart of a king?
Macbeth - I hear, oh distress,
an avenging voice
repeating unceasingly
his noble virtues.
Lady Macbeth - Escape the tyranny
of a gloomy hallucination,
what can a dead man
ever say to you?
Macbeth - Everything seems
to repeat his royal virtues!

Lady Macbeth - Ce poignard, cours et l'emporte !
Ses gens dorment à la porte,
ensanglante son escorte !
Macbeth - Entrer là ! Non ! Je ne puis !
Lady Macbeth - A moi ce fer !
Elle lui prend le poignard des mains et entre vivement dans la chambre de Duncan.

Scène dixième

Macbeth - Ah ! Je frémis !
Tout m'épouvante !
Ô main sanglante
de la mer l'onde écumante
tarirait sans te blanchir !

Scène onzième
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth

Lady Macbeth - *(revenant)* Tiens !
Ma main rouge et souillée
me vois-tu trembler, pâlir ?
La mort est vite oubliée !
(*on frappe au dehors*)
Mais quel bruit ! Ils vont ouvrir.
(à *Macbeth*) Viens ! Partons et que personne
du forfait ne nous soupçonne,
il s'agit d'une couronne,
laisse-là tes folles peurs !
Plus de lâches terreurs !
Macbeth - Mais comment, hélas ! ce crime
le cacherais-je à mes yeux,
où trouver, pauvre victime,
le sommeil, présent des cieux.
Lady Macbeth / **Macbeth** - Viens ! Partons !

Lady Macbeth - The dagger, hurry, grab it!
His guards are asleep at the door,
smear them with blood!
Macbeth - Go back in there? No! I cannot!
Lady Macbeth - Give it to me!
She snatches the dagger out of his hands and rushes inside Duncan's room.

Scene 10

Macbeth - Ah! How I tremble!
Everything frightens me!
Blood-stained hand,
not even the foamy billows of the sea
could cleanse you!

Scene 11
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth

Lady Macbeth - *(returning)* There!
My hand is now stained red with blood,
do you see me tremble and pale?
His death will soon be forgotten!
(*There is knocking at the castle's gate*)
Who's there? They're opening.
(*to Macbeth*) Come! Let's leave, nobody
must suspect us of the crime,
the crown is at stake,
chase your mad fears away!
No more cowardly terrors!
Macbeth - But how, alas! will I hide
this crime from my own eyes,
or find again, poor me,
sleep, that gift of Heaven?
Lady Macbeth / **Macbeth** - Come! Let's leave!

Elle l'entraine

Scène douzième
Macduff, Banquo.

11 **Macduff** - *(au fond à Banquo)* Voici
l'heure où le roi
veut qu'on l'éveille ;
l'aube renaît vermeille,
à cette place attendez-moi.
Il se dirige par la galerie du côté de l'appartement de Duncan.

Scène treizième

Banquo - Ah ! Quelle nuit terrible et quel effroi !
Partout des cris funèbres
grondent au sein des ténèbres ;
l'oiseau des nuits annonce le trépas,
et sous mes pas
je crois sentir trembler la terre !

Scène quatorzième
Banquo, Macduff.

Macduff - (*Il sort éperdu de la chambre de Duncan*)
Malheur ! Malheur ! Que faire !
Banquo - Expliquez-vous !
Macduff - (*indiquant la chambre*)
Cours vite... moi je reste sans force...
Ô nuit funeste ! A l'aide ! A nous !
Vite ! Accourez ! Alerte !
Ah ! Trahison ! Le sort veut notre perte !

She drags him away

Scene 12
Macduff, Banquo.

11 **Macduff** - *(to Banquo)* It's time
to wake up
the king;
the crimson dawn is here,
wait for me.
He starts along the corridor that leads to Duncan's rooms.

Scene 13

Banquo - Ah! What an awful night, what fear!
Dreadful cries were heard
in the dead of it;
an owl, announcing death,
and under my feet
I felt the earth shake!

Scene 14
Banquo, Macduff.

Macduff - (*Coming out of Duncan's rooms, appalled*)
Horror! Horror! What are we going to do!
Banquo - What has happened?
Macduff - (*pointing to the room*)
Go... I haven't got the strength...
Oh, dreadful night! Help! Help us!
Quick! Hurry! Wake up!
Ah! Treason! Fate is against us!

Scène quinzième
Macduff, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, La Comtesse, Banquo, Malcolm, seigneurs, dames, gardes.

Macbeth / **Lady Macbeth** - Quel bruit ? Qui nous appelle ?
Macduff - Ô mort cruelle !
Tous - Parlez ! Ah ! Dites ! Quelle est la victime ?
Banquo - *(revenant avec terreur)*
Duncan est mort !
Malheur ! Horrible crime !
Tous - Frappe un traître, divine justice,
que le gouffre d'enfer l'engloutisse !
Du supplice qu'il sente la flamme !
Pour l'infâme ! Crime infâme !
Dieu puissant,
que ta clémence nous garde !
En tremblant
le meurtrier te regarde !
Sois mon guide, divine lumière,
qu'un rayon brille et nous éclaire,
conduis nos coups !
Ô Dieu juste,
qu'un rayon nous éclaire
sois propice et répands ta lumière.
C'est en toi que j'espère, Dieu puissant,
ton courroux sur le traître
guidera nos coups.
Dieu sévère,
qu'il éprouve ta colère !
Le tonnerre
gronde avec fracas sur ses pas !
Sur sa face imprime la tache
qui s'attache au front de Caïn,

Scene 15
Macduff, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, the Countess, Banquo, Malcolm, Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards.

Macbeth / **Lady Macbeth** - Why this din?
Who's calling?
Macduff - Oh cruel death!
All - Speak! Ah! Tell us! Who is the victim?
Banquo - *(returning, terrified)*
Duncan is dead!
Oh tragedy! Horrible crime!
All - Punish the traitor, divine justice,
let the abyss of hell swallow him up!
May he feel the torture of its flames!
Despicable man! Despicable crime!
God Almighty,
may your mercy protect us!
May the murderer
tremble at your sight!
Be our guide, oh divine light,
let a ray from you shine on us,
guide our blows!
Just God,
shine your light on us,
be propitious and enlighten us.
Only in you I hope, Almighty God,
let your wrath guide us
to punish the traitor.
Rigorous God,
make him feel your anger!
Let it thunder
loudly on his path!
Mark his face
as you marked that of Cain,

frappons l'assassin !
Seigneur, nous n'avons foi qu'en toi !

ACTE DEUXIÈME

Troisième tableau.
Une salle dans le château de Macbeth.

Scène première
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth.

12 **Lady Macbeth** - D'où vient, Macbeth,
que ton regard m'évite ?
Quel noir souci t'agite ?
Laissons dormir les morts, crois-moi !
La voix qui te promit un trône était sincère ;
le fils du roi Duncan vers l'Angleterre part
et chacun le croit l'assassin de son père,
oui, et par sa fuite il t'a fait roi !
Macbeth - Mais aux fils de Banquo,
c'est l'oracle funeste, le trône reste !
Donc ses enfants devront régner !
Et moi ! Pour eux mon âme est damnée !
Lady Macbeth - Oui ! Tous deux vivent !
Il est trop vrai !
Macbeth - Leur vie après tout est bornée...
Lady Macbeth - Et condamnée !
Macbeth - Tu veux encore un crime, ô destinée !
Lady Macbeth - Le lieu ?... L'heure ?
Macbeth - J'attendrai que la nuit tombe.
Lady Macbeth - Tu ne seras bien roi,
que s'il succombe.
Macbeth - Banquo, ma main pour toi
creuse la tombe!
Il sort avec agitation.

let us punish the murderer!
Lord, only in you do we trust!

ACT TWO

Third tableau.
A hall in Macbeth's castle.

First Scene
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth.

12 **Lady Macbeth** - Why, Macbeth,
do you avoid my gaze?
What dark trouble worries you?
Let the dead lie, believe me!
The voice that promised you a throne was true;
King Duncan's son has left for England;
everyone thinks him his father's murderer,
and his departure has made you king!
Macbeth - But it is to Banquo's son,
according to the oracle, that the throne will go!
Then it is his stock that will reign!
And I! I have damned my soul for them!
Lady Macbeth - Yes! They are both alive!
It's true!
Macbeth - But they are not immortal...
Lady Macbeth - And they are condemned!
Macbeth - You want more blood, my wife!
Lady Macbeth - Where?... When?
Macbeth - I'll wait for darkness.
Lady Macbeth - You cannot be king
unless he dies.
Macbeth - Banquo, for you
I dig a grave!
He leaves, prey to excitement.

Scène deuxième

Lady Macbeth - Douce lumière, fuis !
Cesse de briller !
Laisse sur terre ombre et le mystère !
L'heure s'avance ; dans le silence,
s'arme et s'élance le meurtrier !
Le sort l'exige !
Encore un crime !
Mais la défense est légitime.
Il nous menace dans notre race ;
non ! Pas de grâce !
Devant la tombe le droit succombe ;
aux morts un Requiem, l'éternité !
Ma gloire au loin rayonne,
le sort enfin me donne
la royale couronne ;
à moi la royauté !
Banquo, ton trône,
ah ! c'est la mort,
voilà l'arrêt du sort !
Au lieu du trône à toi,
Banquo, la mort !
Elle sort.

Quatrième tableau
Un défilé sombre et désert non loin du château de Macbeth.

Scène première
Deux bandes de sicaires viennent se poster dans le défilé

13 **Première bande** - Qui vous fait vous joindre à nous ?

Scene 2

Lady Macbeth - Sweet light, be gone!
Cease shining!
Make room for darkness and mystery!
The hour approaches; in silence,
the murderer grabs his weapon and pounces!
Fate demands it!
Another crime!
But defence is legitimate:
he's a threat to our kind.
No! No mercy!
In front of a grave, right ceases to exist;
for the dead, a Requiem and eternity!
Glory shines in the distance,
fate finally gives me
the royal crown;
I will be queen!
Banquo, your throne,
ah! is death,
that is your lot!
Instead of the throne,
to you, Banquo, death!
She leaves.

Fourth tableau
A sombre and solitary mountain pass not far from Macbeth's castle.

First Scene
Two groups of assassins appear on the mountain pass

13 **First Group** - Who told you to join us?

Deuxième bande - Macbeth même...
Première bande - Qui cherchez-vous ?
Deuxième bande - Sur Banquo tombent nos coups.
Première bande - Le lieu ? L'heure ?
Deuxième bande - Marchons unis,
et qu'il meure avec son fils !
Tous - Bonne aubaine, mes amis !
Chœur - Pour lui ni pitié ni grâce !
C'est dans ce sentier qu'il passe,
du péril qui le menace
il s'apercevra trop tard.
L'oreille écoute et l'œil guette,
la main brandit l'arme prête ;
tremble, Banquo, sur ta tête
luit la lame du poignard !
Ils se dispersent

Scène deuxième
Banquo, Fleance.

14 **Banquo** - (*à Fleance*)
O mon fils, va moins vite,
dans l'ombre n'avance pas.
Mon cœur éprouve une frayeur subite ;
tout ici me fait craindre
un piège sous nos pas.
Ah ! Tout rappelle à mon esprit
un souvenir d'un crime !
Par une aussi terrible nuit
Duncan, hélas ! périt !
Mille fantômes devant moi
semblent m'ouvrir l'abîme,
mais si mon cœur connaît l'effroi,
mon fils, c'est pour toi !

Second Group - Macbeth himself...
First Group - To do what?
Second Group - Murder
Banquo.
First Group - Where? When?
Second Group - Let's join forces,
and let's kill him and his son!
All - Good luck, my friends!
Chorus - Neither pity nor mercy for him!
He's due to take this path,
when he becomes aware of the threat
it will be too late.
Let's strain our ears and watch out,
our weapons at the ready.
Tremble, Banquo, upon you
shines the blade of a dagger!
They scatter

Scene 2
Banquo, Fleance.

14 **Banquo** - (*to Fleance*)
Not so fast, son,
do not walk into the shadows.
My heart is seized by a sudden fear;
all here makes me envisage
a trap set for us.
Ah! Everything here
makes me remember a crime!
It was during a dreadful night like this
that Duncan, alas, died!
I envisage a thousand ghosts
opening up the abyss for me,
but if my heart knows fear,
my son, it is for you!

Oui, dans mon cœur s'est glissé l'effroi
je tremble mais pour toi!
J'ai peur pour toi !
Il continue son chemin, les sicaires l'attaquent.
Mon fils ! Fuis ! Fuis bien vite,
ô nuit maudite !
Fleance s'enfuit, Banquo se défend et disparait avec les sicaires qui l'entourent.

Cinquième tableau
La salle du banquet dans le château de Macbeth.

Scène première
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, La Comtesse, Macduff, seigneurs, dames.
Tout est préparé pour le banquet. Macbeth et lady Macbeth reçoivent les invités qui arrivent peu à peu.

15 **Les Seigneurs** - Salut, Roi !
Macbeth - Salut à vous,
vaillants seigneurs au cœur fidèle !
Les Seigneurs - Reine, salut !
Lady Macbeth - Pour moi, pour mon époux,
merci de votre zèle !
Macbeth - Chacun de vous près de son roi
trouve sa place prête ;
dans tous les yeux qu'autour de moi
mon honneur se reflète !
Soutiens illustres de mes droits,
à nos accents de fête
la reine daignera, je crois,
mêler aussi sa voix.
Lady Macbeth - Le roi l'ordonne, je suis prête,

Yes, fear has creeped into my heart,
I tremble, but for you!
I am afraid for you!
As they advance, the assassins strike.
Son! Flee! Flee, quickly,
oh, accursed night!
Fleance flees, Banquo defends himself and disappears surrounded by the assassins.

Fifth tableau
The banquet hall in Macbeth's castle.

First Scene
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, the Countess, Macduff, Gentlemen, Ladies.
The hall is decked for a banquet. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth welcome the guests, as they gradually arrive.

15 **Gentlemen** - Hail, King!
Macbeth - Hail to you,
brave and faithful lords!
Gentlemen - Hail, Queen!
Lady Macbeth - My and my husband's thanks for your zeal!
Macbeth - Each of you
has a place set close to the king,
may my honour be reflected
in the eyes all around me!
Illustrious supporters of my rights,
the queen will, I believe,
want to join
our gleeful voices.
Lady Macbeth - Whatever the king orders, I am ready,

ses désirs sont des lois.
Les Seigneurs - A vos accents tous à la fois
nous mêlerons nos voix,
nous chanterons tous à la fois.
Lady Macbeth - Par toi, vin généreux,
l'on se console,
l'ennui s'envole,
tout est joyeux !
Tu chasses sans retour
soucis et peines
et tu ramènes
le tendre amour !
Amour ! Salut, toi qui taris
toutes nos larmes,
ô toi qui charmes
nos cœurs épris,
ah ! comble tous nos vœux,
verse en notre âme
la douce flamme
qui rend heureux !
Chœur - Ah ! Comble tous nos vœux,
verse en notre âme,
la douce flamme,
qui rend heureux.

Scène deuxième
Les mêmes, un sicaire.
Macbeth aperçoit le sicaire qui soulève une draperie, à la porte de gauche. Il s'approche de lui.

Macbeth - *(à voix basse)* D'où vient ce sang sur ton visage ?
Le Sicaire - *(de même)* C'est de Banquo !
Macbeth - Est-il vrai ? Parle !
Le Sicaire - Oui.

his wishes are the law.
Gentlemen - We will join you
all at once,
we will sing with you.
Lady Macbeth - Generous wine,
you give us comfort,
boredom vanishes,
everything looks cheerful!
You chase for good
worries and sorrows
and bring back
tender love!
Hail, love! You dry up
all our tears,
you charm
our passionate hearts,
ah! Fulfil our wishes,
kindle in our souls
the sweet flame
that makes us happy!
Chorus - Ah! Fulfil our wishes,
kindle in our souls
the sweet flame
that makes us happy.

Scene 2
The above, one of the assassins.
Macbeth sees the assassin appear at the door on the left. He goes to him.

Macbeth - *(in a low voice)* Your face is spattered with blood!
Assassin - *(likewise)* It's Banquo's!
Macbeth - Is it the truth? Speak!
Assassin - Yes.

Macbeth - Mais son fils ?
Le Sicaire - S'est enfui !
Macbeth - Malheur ! Le père ?
Le Sicaire - Il a péri.
Le sicaire s'éloigne.

Scène troisième
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Macduff, La Comtesse, seigneurs, dames.

16 **Lady Macbeth** - Cher époux, qui vous arrête ?
Vite à table qu'on se mette !
Macbeth - Parmi nous il manque encore un convive que j'honore ;
c'est Banquo, dont rien n'égale l'amitié sûre et loyale.
Lady Macbeth - Mais qui peut le retenir?
Macbeth - Qu'on se place, il va venir.
Il va pour s'asseoir et aperçoit devant son trône le spectre de Banquo, visible pour lui seul. Désignant du doigt le spectre.
Ô ciel ! Il me crie que j'ai pris sa vie !
Tous - Qu'entends-je ?
Macbeth - Non ! Je le nie !
Sa tête sanglante, s'agite effrayante !
Les Seigneurs - Etrange délire ! Ah ! Partons !
Lady Macbeth - Restez ! Le mal bientôt passe...
(*bas à Macbeth*) N'est-tu pas un homme ?
Macbeth - Oh ! Oui ! Car l'image qu'ici j'envisage
ferait, je le gage, pâlir des démons !
Là ! Ne le vois-tu pas ?
Ô spectre sévère, reprends ton suaire ;

Macbeth - And his son?
Assassin - He escaped!
Macbeth - Heavens! The father?
Assassin - Dead.
The assassin leaves.

Scene 3
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Macduff, the Countess, Gentlemen, Ladies.

16 **Lady Macbeth** - My beloved, what's keeping you?
Come, we're about to sit at table!
Macbeth - Someone is still missing, an honourable guest;
it is Banquo, whose loyal friendship has no equal.
Lady Macbeth - What can have held him back?
Macbeth - Let's take our places, he'll come.
He is about to sit down when he sees before his throne the ghost of Banquo, invisible to everyone else. Pointing a finger at the ghost.
Good heaven! He accuses me of taking his life!
All - What?
Macbeth - No! I deny it!
He shakes his bloodied, fearful head!
Gentlemen - He's raving! Ah! Let's leave!
Lady Macbeth - Stay! It will pass...
(*aside to Macbeth*) Aren't you a man?
Macbeth - Yes! But the spectre that I see here
would, I swear, scare even the devil!
Over there! Can't you see it?
Rigorous corpse, return under your shroud;

retourne à la terre du noir cimetière !
(le spectre disparait)
Lady Macbeth - (*bas à Macbeth*)
Ah ! Rentre en toi-même !
Macbeth - J'ai vu son front blême !
Lady Macbeth - Calmez-vous, de grâce,
prenez votre place.
(montrant les invités)
Voyez, on s'étonne...
Macbeth - *(aux seigneurs qui l'entourent)*
Que l'on me pardonne !
Allons ! Que résonne,
un chant de folie,
et que nul n'oublie
l'ami qu'on attend !
Lady Macbeth - Par toi, vin généreux,
on se console,
l'ennui s'envole, tout est joyeux !
Tu chasses sans retour soucis et peines
et tu ramènes le tendre amour.
Amour ! Salut, toi
qui taris toutes les larmes,
ô toi qui charmes nos cœurs épris,
que jusqu'au ciel l'écho
monte et répète nos chants de fête ;
gloire à Banquo !
Tous - Que jusqu'au ciel l'écho
monte et répète nos chants de fête ;
gloire à Banquo !
Macbeth - *(apercevant de nouveau le spectre)*
Ah ! Sombre victime
tu sors de l'abîme !
Squelette sans âme,
ses os sont de flamme !
De sang un nuage

to the earth of the graveyard!
(the ghost disappears)
Lady Macbeth - (*low to Macbeth*)
Ah! Regain control of yourself!
Macbeth - I saw his pale face!
Lady Macbeth - Calm down, for heaven's sake,
take your place.
(making him aware of the guests)
See how stunned they look...
Macbeth - *(to the gentlemen around him)*
Forgive me!
Come! Let us sing
a cheerful song,
while we wait
for our friend!
Lady Macbeth - Generous wine,
you give us comfort,
boredom vanishes, everything looks cheerful!
You chase for good worries and sorrows
and bring back tender love!
Hail, love!
You dry up all our tears,
you charm our passionate hearts.
Let the echo of our voices rise to heaven
and repeat our gleeful song.
Glory to Banquo!
All - Let the echo of our voice rise to heaven
and repeat our gleeful song.
Glory to Banquo!
Macbeth - *(seeing the ghost once again)*
Ah! Gloomy victim,
you come out of the abyss!
Lifeless skeleton,
you have eyes of fire!
Blood

me monte au visage ;
son œil plein de rage
me glace d'horreur !
Tous - Ô jour de terreur !
Macbeth - Pourtant je suis brave,
et tigre ou panthère,
à dent meurtrière,
nul monstre sur terre,
n'étonne mon cœur !
Mon âme ignorait le trouble et le peur ;
mais va, spectre horrible,
va-t'en ! Va-t'en ! Fantôme terrible !
Il part ! Je respire...
Lady Macbeth - Honteuse frayeur !
(le spectre disparait)
Tous - Étrange délire !
Ensemble final

17 **Macbeth** - Noir souci qui me dévore !
C'est du sang qu'il faut encore ;
que l'enfer avant l'aurore
me révèle l'avenir !
Lady Macbeth - Ce cœur lâche qui se vante,
d'un fantôme s'épouvante ;
la victime gémissante
du tombeau ne peut sortir.
Macduff - Ô mystère redoutable,
et quel trouble ici l'accable,
tout nous parle d'un coupable,
tout révèle son secret.
Les Seigneurs - Trouble étrange qui
l'accable !
Tout présente au cœur coupable,
comme un spectre redoutable,
la mémoire du forfait.

clouds my sight;
his wrathful gaze
freezes me with horror!
All - Dreadful day!
Macbeth - But I'm a brave man,
and no tiger or panther
with their fatal fangs,
no monster on earth
can startle my heart!
My soul has never known trouble or fear;
go, horrible spectre,
be off! Go away, terrible ghost!
He's gone! I breathe...
Lady Macbeth - Shameful fear!
(The spectre disappears)
All - Strange ravings!
Final ensemble

17 **Macbeth** - Dark worry devours me!
There's need of more blood;
before dawn,
hell shall reveal me my future!
Lady Macbeth - His cowardly heart
is afraid of a ghost;
a moaning corpse
cannot come out of its grave.
Macduff - Oh fearful mystery,
what worry overwhelms him?
Everything speaks of a crime,
everything hints at a secret.
Gentlemen - What strange worry
overwhelms him!
To a guilty heart, everything
seems a fearful ghost
recalling the memory of the crime.

ACTE TROISIÈME
Sixième tableau
Les ruines d'un château dévasté par la guerre.

Scène première
Les sorcières.
Elles préparent leurs sortilèges. Au milieu des ruines une vaste chaudière sous laquelle pétille une flamme sinistre.

01 **Les Sorcières** - Écoute !
Le chat-tigre a miaulé trois fois.
Trois fois le hérisson
glapit au fond des bois.
Le corbeau crie au loin,
le hibou pleure.
Venez ! C'est l'heure !
Autour du noir chaudron
en rond tournons, dansons ;
venez, sœurs du destin,
venez vite et travaillons !
Oui, vite à l'œuvre !
Déjà le feu s'allume
et la chaudière écume.
Elles jettent dans la chaudière les ingrédients qu'elles ont recueillis.
Nageoire d'un vieux requin,
crapaud gonflé de venin,
oreille d'un singe noir,
cigüe arrachée un soir,
bouillez afin qu'opère
ce charme sans égal.
Remplis la chaudière,
mélange infernal !
Écaille d'un vert dragon,

ACT THREE
Sixth tableau
The ruins of a castle wrecked by war.

First Scene
The witches.
They are preparing a spell. In the middle of the ruins there is a great cauldron boiling over a sinister flame.

01 **Witches** - Listen!
The cat mewed three times.
Three times the hedgehog
yapped deep in the woods.
The crow caws in the distance,
the owl weeps.
Come! It's time!
Around the black cauldron
let us twirl and dance;
come, sisters of fate,
come quick, to work!
Yes, quick, to work!
The flame is already kindled
and the cauldron foams.
They throw into the cauldron the ingredients they have gathered.
Fin of an old shark,
toad swollen with venom,
ear of a black monkey,
hemlock picked at night,
boil and blend so that
this spell might work.
Fill the cauldron,
hellish brew!
Scale of a green dragon,

sang rouge d'une guenon,
rampante vipère
et patte d'un noir faucon,
au fond de la chaudière,
allez, cuisez, épaississez !
Achève l'œuvre du mal,
brouet infernal !
Toi, pouce d'un pâle enfant
étouffé tout vagissant,
toi, lèvre d'un nécromant,
et cœur d'un juif mécréant,
formez, éléments du mal,
un charme sans égal !
Brûle ! Brûle !
Et vous tous esprits,
rouges, blancs ou gris,
venez faire aussi le mélange ;
tous savants dans cet art étrange
venez faire le mélange !

Scène deuxième

Les sorcières, Hécate, esprits, gnomes. Ballet. Des esprits, des êtres fantastiques remplissent la scène. Hécate, déesse de la nuit et des sortilèges, apparaît au milieu des sorcières. Celles-ci s'inclinent avec respect et contemplent la déesse avec une terreur religieuse. Hécate dit aux sorcières qu'elle connaît leur œuvre et sait pour quel motif elles l'ont appelée. Elle examine tout attentivement puis annonce aux sorcières que le roi Macbeth viendra les interroger sur son destin. Elles devront le satisfaire. Si les visions terribles qu'elles lui montreront abattent trop ses sens, elles invoqueront les esprits

red blood of a pig,
creeping viper
and paw of a black hawk,
sink into the cauldron,
go, cook, thicken!
Accomplish the work of evil,
hellish brew!
You, thumb of a pale infant
smothered in the crib,
you, lips of a necromancer
and heart of a disbelieving Jew,
elements of evil,
prepare a spell without equal!
Boil! Boil!
And you, spirits
of any shape and colour,
come and help make the brew;
all of you knowledgeable in this strange art,
come and help make the brew!

Scene 2

The witches, Hecate, spirits, gnomes. Ballet. Spirits and fantastic creatures fill the stage. Hecate, goddess of the night and of magic spells, appears amidst the witches. The latter bow in respect and contemplate the goddess with religious fear. Hecate tells the witches that she knows their work and the reason for which they have summoned her. She observes everything carefully, then informs the witches that King Macbeth will come to interrogate them about his future. They must give him answers. If the terrible visions that they show to him make him lose his senses, they shall invoke the spirits of the air who will

aériens pour le ranimer et lui rendre son énergie. Voilà ce qu'elles feront, mais elles ne doivent pas lui annoncer la fin qui l'attend. Les sorcières reçoivent respectueusement les ordres de la déesse. Hécate disparait à travers les éclairs et au bruit du tonnerre. Ronde infernale des sorcières. Elles s'arrêtent en entendant venir Macbeth.

02 Ballet

Scène troisième

03 Macbeth - (*au fond*) Interrogeons le sort pour la dernière fois.
(*aux sorcières*) Que faites-vous dans cette nuit obscure ?
Les Sorcières - Une œuvre hors nature.
Macbeth - Par l'enfer que Macbeth vous adjure !
Parlez ! Que votre voix ici m'éclaire !
Soumettez à vos lois et ciel et terre !
Les Sorcières - Mais cet arrêt, dis-moi, par nous d'abord le veux-tu donc savoir, ou par nos maîtres?
Macbeth - Pour m'apprendre mon sort, ah ! de l'empire de la mort, évoquez tous les êtres !
Les Sorcières font des gestes magiques.
Les Sorcières - Ou d'en haut, ou d'en bas venez vite !
Noirs esprits, notre voix vous invite.
Un fantôme parait.

bring him round and give him back his strength. This they shall do; however, they must not reveal to him the end that awaits him. The witches receive the orders of the goddess with respect. Hecate then disappears amidst lightning and thunder. Hellish dance of the witches. They stop in hearing Macbeth approach.

02 Ballet

Scene 3

03 Macbeth - (*at the back*) Let's interrogate fate one last time.
(*to the witches*) What are you doing in this dark night?
Witches - An extraordinary deed.
Macbeth - By hell, I implore you!
Speak! Enlighten me with your words!
Subject both heaven and earth to your laws!
Witches - But tell us: this oracle, will you hear it from us or from our masters?
Macbeth - To tell me my fate, ah! you may evoke all the spirits of hell!
The witches perform some magic gestures.
Witches - From above or from below, come, quick!
Dark spirits, we invite you.
A ghost appears.

Macbeth - Spectre, parle !
Les Sorcières - Il sait tout d'avance
et tu dois l'écouter en silence.
Le fantôme - « Ô Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !
C'est Macduff qu'il faut que tu redoutes. »
Macbeth - Ah ! Tu viens confirmer
tous mes doutes ! Mais achève !
Le fantôme disparait.
Les Sorcières - De lui, n'attends rien de plus.
Celui-ci t'en dira plus encore ;
sur la terre il n'est rien qu'il ignore.
Un fantôme armé apparait.
Le fantôme - « Ô Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !
Endurcis dans le crime ton âme,
et ne crains aucun fils de la femme.
Il disparaît.
Macbeth - (*avec joie*) Ah ! Je ne te crains pas !
Ô Macduff, à présent tu peux vivre !
Mais non ! Non ! Tu mourras !
Des terreurs que j'éprouve
et de tant de combats,
à jamais que ta mort me délivre.
La foudre gronde, le fantôme d'un enfant couronné apparaît.
Mais que vois-je ! Ô fracas! L'éclair luit !
Un enfant au bandeau royal !
Les Sorcières - Chut ! Écoute !
Le fantôme - « Poursuis donc ta route,
tu seras à jamais triomphant.
De ta mort quand l'instant sonnera
la forêt de Birnam marchera ! »
Macbeth - Ô doux oracle !
Quel est le miracle

Macbeth - Spectre, speak!
Witches - He knows everything,
listen in silence.
Ghost - "Oh Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Beware of Macduff."
Macbeth - Ah! You confirm
all my suspicions! Continue!
The ghost disappears.
Witches - Don't expect anything more from him.
Here is another, who will tell you more;
there's nothing on earth he ignores.
An armed ghost appears.
Le fantôme - "Oh Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Harden your soul in crime,
and no man born of a woman will harm you.
He disappears.
Macbeth - (*joyfully*) Ah! I don't fear you!
Oh Macduff, you may live!
But no! No! You shall die!
Your death shall deliver me
from all my worries
and from many a struggle.
Thunder and lightning; the ghost of a crowned child appears.
What do I see! What a sound! There's lightning!
A child wearing a royal crown!
Witches - Be quiet! Listen!
Ghost - "Follow your path,
you will triumph.
When your death knell tolls
Birnam wood will move!"
Macbeth - Oh sweet oracle!
What miracle

qui pourrait arracher à la terre,
la forêt toute entière ?
Ah ! Jamais ! Non ! jamais...
Mais achève, achève
et dis-moi si le fils de Banquo régnera.
Les Sorcières - Tu l'exiges ?
Macbeth - Oui, parle !
Bien vite ou ce glaive,
sur vous tombera !
La chaudière disparaît.
Tout a fuit ! C'est étrange !
Pourquoi ?
On entend une harmonie mystérieuse qui vient de dessous terre.
Mais qu'entends-je ?
D'où viennent ces voix?
Les Sorcières - Venez vite !
Paraissez ! Partez ensuite !
(on voit apparaître un roi, il passe lentement)
Macbeth - Ah ! Fuis ! Va-t'en ! Ô spectre affreux !
De Banquo vivante image.
Ton sceptre d'or brûle mes yeux ;
va-t'en, désolant mirage !
Sept rois paraissent successivement, le dernier tient un miroir.
Et vous ! Spectres qui m'apparaissez
portant le diadème…
D'autres encore ! Assez ! Assez !
Un troisième !
Un autre…
Encore !
Assez ! Assez !
Dans ce miroir le dernier roi qui passe,
me montre encore d'autres rois ;

could ever uproot
an entire forest?
Ah! It will never happen! No! Never...
But go on, go on,
and tell me if Banquo's son will reign.
Witches - Do you truly want to know?
Macbeth - Yes, speak!
And quickly, or this sword
will punish you!
The cauldron disappears.
Vanished! How strange!
Why?
A mysterious harmony floats up from beneath the ground.
What music is this?
Where do these voices come from?
Witches - Come, hurry!
Appear! Show yourself!
(a king appears, he slowly passes by)
Macbeth - Ah! Go away! Be off, frightful ghost,
image of Banquo!
Your gold sceptre burns my eyes;
disappear, distressing vision!
Seven kings appear in succession, the last one holding a mirror.
You too, ghosts that appear to me
wearing the crown…
More yet! Enough! Enough!
A third one!
Another one…
More yet!
Enough! Enough!
In his mirror, the last king
shows me more kings yet;

ô terrible menace !
Il aperçoit le spectre de Banquo.
Et Banquo ! C'est lui qu'ici je vois
sourire en me montrant sa race ?
Il s'élance vers le spectre.
Hélas ! Comment l'atteindre !
Si je pouvais l'étreindre !
Ô spectre horrible !
Va-t'en, démon terrible !
Ô spectre ! Va-t'en ! Va ! Ah ! Fuis pour toujours !
Ô terreur ! Ô terreur ! Fuis pour toujours !
(aux sorcières) Ces rois vivront ?
Les Sorcières - Sans doute !
Macbeth - Ah ! C'est ma perte !
Il tombe évanoui.
Les Sorcières - Il tombe!
Venez, sylphides, au secours
de cette âme qui succombe !
Des Sylphides remplissent la scène et voltigent autour de Macbeth.

Scène quatrième
Macbeth, les sorcières, sylphides

04 **Chœur de Sorcières** - Sylphes ! Légers enfants
des eaux ou de l'air pur,
rafraîchissez son front pâle de crainte ;
venez à nous, quittez vos gais palais d'azur,
et ranimez en lui la vie éteinte.
Les sorcières el les sylphides disparaissent.

Scène cinquième
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth

oh, dreadful threat!
He becomes aware of the ghost of Banquo.
And Banquo! Is it him I see here,
smiling as he shows me his stock?
He throws himself at the ghost.
Alas! How to seize him!
If only I could grasp him!
Horrible ghost!
Go away, dreadful demon!
Spectre! Go away! Go! Ah! And never return!
Oh terror! Oh terror! Vanish and never return!
(to the witches) Will those kings live?
Witches - Without a doubt!
Macbeth - Ah! I am ruined!
He falls to the ground, unconscious.
Witches - He has fainted!
Come, sylphids, help
this succumbing soul!
Some Sylphids come on stage and dance around Macbeth.

Scene 4
Macbeth, Witches, Sylphids

04 **Chorus of Witches** - Sylphids! Nimble children
of the waters and of the pure air,
refresh his brow, pale with fear;
come to us, leave your gay palaces
and revive him.
The witches and sylphids disappear.

Scene 5
Macbeth, Lady Macbeth

05 **Macbeth** - *(revenant à lui)* Hideux mystères !
Où suis-je ? Ô vous, sorcières, pour jamais
soyez maudites !
Lady Macbeth - *(accourant)* Macbeth !
Macbeth - Qui m'appelle ?
Lady Macbeth - Je te retrouve… enfin !
Macbeth - Hécate a dicté ses arrêts.
Lady Macbeth - Quels sont-ils ?
Macbeth - Crains Macduff, dit-elle !
Lady Macbeth - Après ?
Macbeth - Ne crains aucun mortel
né de la femme !
Lady Macbeth - Après ?
Macbeth - Sitôt que de Birnam la forêt marchera,
Macbeth succombera.
Lady Macbeth - Après ?
Macbeth - Là... de Banquo
j'ai vu les fils paraître…
Ils régneront !
Lady Macbeth - Mensonge ! En son tombeau
le fils suivra l'ancêtre.
Macbeth - Périssent tous les fils,
comme le père !
Pour eux jamais de grâce.
Lady Macbeth - Qu'ils soient maudits,
mort à leur race entière !
Macbeth - Rien ne peut les soustraire
à ma colère !
Lady Macbeth - Ah ! Je reconnais enfin
ta royale vaillance.
Macbeth - Heure de mort et de vengeance…
Lady Macbeth - sonne et remplis la terre
immense.
Macbeth - Oui ! Que périsse qui m'offense…
Lady Macbeth - pour les frapper arme ton bras.

05 **Macbeth** - *(coming to)* Dreadful mystery!
Where am I? Witches,
be cursed for all eternity!
Lady Macbeth - *(rushing to him)* Macbeth!
Macbeth - Who's calling me?
Lady Macbeth - I have finally found you!
Macbeth - Hecate has told me the future.
Lady Macbeth - What did she say?
Macbeth - Beware of Macduff, she said!
Lady Macbeth - And then?
Macbeth - No man
born of a woman will harm you!
Lady Macbeth - And then?
Macbeth - When Birnam wood marches,
Macbeth will die.
Lady Macbeth - And then?
Macbeth - Over there... I saw
Banquo's descendants appear…
They will reign!
Lady Macbeth - It's a lie! The son will follow
his father to the grave.
Macbeth - May all his children perish,
like their father!
No mercy on them.
Lady Macbeth - A curse on them,
death to their entire race!
Macbeth - Nothing can save them
from my wrath!
Lady Macbeth - Ah! Now I recognise in you
the courage of a king!
Macbeth - Hour of death and of revenge…
Lady Macbeth - ring out throughout the
earth.
Macbeth - Yes! The offender shall die…
Lady Macbeth - arm yourself and strike!

Macbeth / **Lady Macbeth** - Jour de vengeance !
Lady Macbeth - Ne tarde pas ; qu'enfin la mort achève
ce que la mort a commencé,
c'est l'arrêt fatal contre eux prononcé.
Prends le glaive !
Macbeth - Guide mon bras ; qu'enfin la mort achève
ce que la mort a commencé,
c'est l'arrêt fatal contre eux prononcé.
Pas de trêve !
Macbeth / **Lady Macbeth** - Vengeance !
Ne tardons pas ! La mort suivra nos pas !
Vengeance !

ACTE QUATRIÈME

Septième tableau
Le bois de Birnam.

Scène première
Proscrits, Écossais

06 **Chœur** - Ô patrie ! Ô noble-terre !
Pauvre Écosse, hélas ! Si chère,
tu succombes, tendre mère,
et n'es plus qu'un froid cercueil.
Par le meurtre, par le crime,
règne un traître qui t'opprime ;
chacun pleure une victime,
tout n'est plus que mort et deuil.
Sol funeste où notre vie
est si vite anéantie,
nulle voix, ô ma patrie,
qui réponde à tes douleurs.

Macbeth / **Lady Macbeth** - Day of revenge!
Lady Macbeth - Do not tarry; let death finish off what death begun,
the fatal sentence has been pronounced for them.
Seize your sword!
Macbeth - Guide my arm; let death finish off what death began,
the fatal sentence has been pronounced for them.
No mercy!
Macbeth / **Lady Macbeth** - Revenge!
Let's not tarry! Death follows in our footsteps!
Revenge!

ACT FOUR

Seventh tableau
Birnam wood.

First Scene
Exiles, Scots

06 **Chorus** - Beloved country! Noble land!
Wretched Scotland, alas! so dear to us,
you succumb, tender motherland,
and are but a cold coffin.
Through murder and crime,
a tyrant traitor reigns.
Each of us mourns a victim,
everything speaks of death and grief.
Fatal land where our lives
have so quickly been destroyed,
nobody, country of mine,
can soothe your sorrows.

La mort passe, elle moissonne,
et n'épargne, hélas ! personne.
Glas funèbre ! Quand il résonne,
chacun cache encore ses pleurs.

Scène deuxième

Les mêmes, Macduff.
Il passe au milieu des proscrits qui s'inclinent devant lui. Il parait plongé dans la plus profonde douleur.

07 **Macduff** - Mes fils ! Mes fils chéris !
D'un traître infâme innocentes victimes !
Rien ne me reste… ah ! Quel tissu de crimes !
Oui, l'on m'a pris, douleur amère,
les enfants avec leur mère.
Ah ! C'est la main d'un père
qui vous devait soustraire
au monstre sanguinaire
par qui mon cœur a tout perdu !
Ne songeant qu'à moi-même,
à leur appel suprême
c'est moi, douleur extrême,
c'est moi qui n'ai pas répondu.
Ah ! Qu'il m'attaque en face !
Ce fer qui le menace,
ne lui fera pas grâce ;
malheur à ce félon !
S'il échappe à ma haine,
je consens qu'il obtienne,
Dieu juste, ton pardon !
Gran Dieu ! Ah ! je consens qu'il obtienne,
dans le ciel son pardon !

Death passes by, reaping,
and - alas! - spares nobody.
The funeral knell! When it sounds,
hide your tears again.

Scene 2

The above, Macduff.
He passes in between the exiles, who bow to him. He appears plunged into the deepest sorrow.

07 **Macduff** - Children! Beloved children!
Innocent victims of a disgraceful traitor!
Nothing is left to me… Ah! What a chain of crimes!
I have been robbed, oh bitter grief!
of my children and their mother.
Ah! Your father's hand
should have saved you
from the blood-thirsty monster
that has robbed me of everything!
Only thinking of my own self,
to their last appeal,
oh utter sorrow!
I did not respond!
Ah! Let him come and face me!
This sword is ready for him,
it will have no mercy;
a curse on that villain!
If he escapes my wrath,
I will accept that he may obtain
your forgiveness. just God!
Almighty God! I will accept
that he may obtain forgiveness in heaven.

Scène troisième
Les mêmes, Malcolm, soldats.
Malcolm arrive suivi de soldats.

Malcolm - Quel est donc ce bois sauvage ?
Chœur - C'est Birnam au noir feuillage.
Malcolm - *(aux soldats)* Pour masquer notre passage,
arrachez d'épais rameaux.
(à Macduff) Tu seras vengé, j'espère.
Macduff - Non, jamais, il n'est point père !
Malcolm - *(aux soldats)* Si l'Écosse vous est chère,
combattez vaillants héros !
Malcolm / **Macduff** / **Chœur** - De la patrie en larmes
calmons les alarmes.
Sa voix crie aux armes
courez sur mes pas.
Divine justice,
qu'un traître périsse !
Et qu'un seul but unisse,
nos cœurs et nos bras.
Aux armes ! Marchons !
Il partent.

Huitième tableau
Une galerie dans le château de Macbeth.

Scène première
Le médecin, La Comtesse.

Le Médecin - Depuis deux nuits je veille.
La Comtesse - Elle viendra je crois.
Le Médecin - Dans son sommeil que disait-elle ?
La Comtesse - N'espérez pas qu'ici je le révèle.

Scene 3
The above, Malcolm, Soldiers.
Malcolm arrives with some soldiers.

Malcolm - What is that wild forest?
Chorus - It's the dark forest of Birnam.
Malcolm - *(to the soldiers)* To hide our march,
break off some branches.
(to Macduff) You will have revenge, I hope.
Macduff - I cannot: he has no children!
Malcolm - *(to the soldiers)* If Scotland is dear to you,
fight valiantly, brave heroes!
Malcolm / **Macduff** / **Chorus** - Let us soothe the sorrow
of our weeping land.
It calls us to arms,
hurry in my footsteps.
Divine justice,
allow that the traitor may perish!
And may our hearts and arms
be one in the common goal.
To arms! On the march!
They leave.

Eighth tableau
A passageway in Macbeth's castle.

First Scene
The Doctor, the Countess.

Doctor - I have waited for two nights.
Countess - She will come.
Doctor - What did she say in her sleep?
Countess - Do not expect me to reveal it.

(apercevant lady Macbeth qui arrive en état de somnambulisme, une lampe à la main)
La voilà !

Scène deuxième
Les mêmes, Lady Macbeth

Le Médecin - *(à la Comtesse)*
Mais cette lampe, pourquoi ?
La Comtesse - Cette lumière,
à son chevet toujours luit et l'éclaire.
Le Médecin - Son œil ouvert n'a rien d'humain.
La Comtesse - Mais elle n'y voit pas.
Le Médecin - (*voyant lady Macbeth qui frotte sa main*)
Et que croit-elle faire?
La Comtesse - Laver sa main.
Lady Macbeth - *(à elle-même, l'œil fixe)*
Une tache que rien n'efface !
Ah ! Va-t'en ! Va ! Horrible trace !
Une ! Deux ! L'instant se passe !
Entre donc ! Qui te fait peur ?
Quel effroi sur ton visage ?
Es-tu lâche ? Allons ! Courage !
Comment croire qu'à son âge
il eût tant de sang au cœur !
Le Médecin - Quel aveu !
Lady Macbeth - Macduff ? Ta femme,
dis, ta femme, où donc est-elle ?
Crime infâme !
Le Médecin / **La Comtesse** - Ô terreur !
Lady Macbeth - Ô main sanglante,
toujours sanglante,
comment faire pour te blanchir !
Le Médecin / **La Comtesse** - Ô terreur !

(seeing a sleep-walking Lady Macbeth arrive with a lamp in her hand)
There she is!

Scene 2
The above, Lady Macbeth

Doctor - *(to the Countess)*
Why that lamp?
Countess - It is the lamp
she always keeps beside her bed.
Doctor - Her wild eyes are wide open.
Countess - Yet she cannot see.
Doctor - (*seeing Lady Macbeth rubbing her hand*)
What is she doing?
Countess - She thinks she's washing her hand.
Lady Macbeth - *(to herself, with fixed eyes)*
Nothing can clean this stain!
Ah! Go away! Go! Horrible trace!
One! Two! It's time!
Go in! What makes you afraid?
Why such fear on your face?
Are you a coward? Come! Have some courage!
Who would have thought that, at his age,
there would be so much blood in his heart!
Doctor - What a confession!
Lady Macbeth - Macduff? Your wife,
say, where is your wife?
Disgraceful crime!
Doctor / **Countess** - Oh dread!
Lady Macbeth - Stained hand,
there is still blood on you,
how will I clean you?
Doctor / **Countess** - Oh dread!

Lady Macbeth - Du sang humain !
Du sang encore !
Trace maudite, sur cette main si petite,
les plus doux parfums
ne sauraient l'anéantir ! Hélas !
Le Médecin - Horreur !
Lady Macbeth - Quel vain fantôme
t'épouvante,
sois donc moins pâle.
Va ! La tombe est dévorante,
et Banquo n'en peut sortir !
Le Médecin - Écoutez !
Lady Macbeth - Rentrons bien vite.
Quel remords trop tard t'agite !
Quelqu'un frappe. Allons, viens vite !
Ta pâleur pourrait te trahir,
viens, Macbeth ! Ah ! Viens !
Le Médecin / **La Comtesse** - Ô terreur !
Ô terreur !
Affreux souvenir !
Comme elle doit souffrir !
Lady Macbeth s'éloigne lentement.

Neuvième tableau
L'appartement de Macbeth.

Scène première

10 **Macbeth** - Aux Anglais le traître contre
moi s'allie !
Mais du sort je connais la prophétie :
« Endurcis dans le crime ton âme,
et ne crains aucun fils de la femme ! »
Non ! Rien ne m'épouvante
et je vaincrai l'enfant qui vous guide !

Lady Macbeth - Human blood!
More blood!
Cursed stain! On such a small hand,
even the sweetest perfumes
cannot get rid of you! Ah!
Doctor - Horror!
Lady Macbeth - What vain ghost terrorizes
you?
Don't lose your nerve.
Come now! The grave is final,
and Banquo cannot rise from it!
Doctor - Listen!
Lady Macbeth - Quick, go back inside.
It's too late to feel remorse!
Someone is knocking. Come, quick!
Your pallor might betray you,
come, Macbeth! Ah! Come!
Doctor / **Countess** - Oh dread!
Oh dread!
Horrible memory!
How she must suffer!
Lady Macbeth slowly walks away.

Ninth tableau
Macbeth's rooms.

First Scene

10 **Macbeth** - The English have joined the
traitor against me!
But the oracle said:
"Harden your soul in crime,
and no man born of a woman will harm you!"
No! I fear nothing
and I will defeat the child that leads you!

Ah ! Que cette lutte raffermisse mon trône,
ou décide ma chute !
Pourtant ma vie à jamais
par le crime, sera flétrie !
Honneurs, respect, tendresse,
espoir de la vieillesse,
ah ! dans ma sombre tristesse
ne me charmeront jamais,
et le remords sans cesse,
bannira le calme et la paix.
Pas un ami sincère !
Pour moi sur cette terre, ah !
viendra mon heure dernière,
sans larmes ni regrets
roi solitaire, je meurs maudit sur la terre,
effroi de mes sujets.
Je meurs, ô douleur amère, je meurs !
Ah ! Je dois quitter cette terre
hélas ! sans larmes, sans regrets !
(on entend des voix au dehors)

11 **Chœur** - Elle est morte !
Macbeth - Qui donc gémit ?

Scène deuxième
Macbeth, la Comtesse

La Comtesse - (*à Macbeth*)
La Reine, hélas, est morte !
Macbeth - Qu'est donc cette vie ? Un vain bruit
qu'un léger souffle emporte.
Triste rêve ! Il cesse... qu'importe !
La Comtesse sort.

Ah! This battle shall strengthen my throne
or decide my fall!
But the mark of crime
will be on my life forever!
Honour, respect, tenderness,
the comforts of old age,
ah! in my bleak sorrow
will never gladden me,
and never-ending remorse
will banish peace and serenity.
Not one sincere friend!
Ah! The last hour will come
for me on this earth
and no one will shed a tear or feel regret.
A lonely king, I'll die cursed,
feared by my subjects.
I'll die, oh bitter sorrow, I'll die!
Ah! I will leave this life
and no one will shed a tear or feel regret!
(Voices are heard without)

11 **Chorus** - She is dead!
Macbeth - Who's moaning?

Scene 12
Macbeth, the Countess

Countess - (*to Macbeth*)
The queen is dead!
Macbeth - Life... what does it matter?
It is the tale of a poor fool:
wind and sound signifying nothing!
The Countess leaves.

Scène troisième
Macbeth, soldats

Les soldats - Sire ! Ah ! Sire !
Macbeth - Parlez ! Qu'est-ce encore ?
Les soldats - La forêt de Birnam vers nous marche.
Macbeth - Ah ! Ta voix m'abusait, vain oracle ! Allons vite ! Aux armes, jour de gloire !
Macbeth / **Les soldats** - Vite aux armes ! La mort ou la victoire !
Ils sortent.

Dixième tableau
Une vaste plaine.

Scène première
Soldats, Macduff.
Les soldats sont rangés au fond portant chacun une branche d'arbre. Ils s'avancent lentement comme une forêt vivante.

Macduff - Plus de ruse, amis, aux armes ! Qu'on me suive !
Les soldats - Aux armes ! Aux armes !
Les soldats jettent les branches d'arbre. Ils suivent Macduff ; on entend le fracas des armes ; des soldats de Macbeth traversent la scène poursuivis par leurs adversaires.

Scène deuxième
Soldats, Macbeth, Macduff.
Macbeth et Macduff arrivent en scène en combattant.

Scene 13
Macbeth, Soldiers

Soldiers - Sire! Ah! Sire!
Macbeth - Speak! What news?
Soldiers - Birnam wood is moving towards us.
Macbeth - Ah! You deceived me, vain oracle! Quick! To arms, on this day of glory!
Macbeth / **Soldiers** - To arms! Death or victory!
They leave.

Tenth tableau
A vast plain.

First Scene
Soldiers, Macduff.
The soldiers are grouped at the back of the stage, each holding a tree branch. They advance slowly like a living forest.

Macduff - No more deceits, friends, to arms! Follow me!
Soldiers - To arms! To arms!
They discard the branches and follow Macduff; sounds of fighting are heard; Macbeth's soldiers cross the stage pursued by their foes.

Scene 2
Soldiers, Macbeth, Macduff.
Macbeth and Macduff arrive on stage fighting.

Macduff - Assassin de mes fils,
ton heure arrive !
Macbeth - Nul enfant de la femme
ici ne me vaincra !
Macduff - Avant le terme on m'arracha
du sein de ma mère...
Macbeth - Qu'entends-je ?
Ils combattent.
Macbeth tombe mortellement frappé.

Scène troisième
Les mêmes, paysans, puis Malcolm, les bardes, soldats.
Des femmes, les enfants accourent fuyant loin de leurs demeures incendiées.

Les femmes - Que Dieu nous venge !
Prions ! Ô jour d'effroi !
Tout bruit se tait.

12 **Les soldats** / **Les femmes** - (*accourant*)
Victoire !
Malcolm - Où donc se cache l'usurpateur ?
Macduff - Son sang rougit ma hache.
Ô Roi, salut ! Gloire à toi !
Tous - Ô Roi, salut !
Les bardes - Macbeth ! Où donc est-il
ce lâche usurpateur ?
Il tombe sous ta foudre,
ô Dieu de la victoire !
Héros aimé du ciel, ô toi notre vengeur,
l'Écosse te devra repos,
honneur et gloire.
Les femmes - Ah ! Béni soit ton nom,
ô Dieu libérateur,

Macduff - Murderer of my children,
your last hour has arrived!
Macbeth - No man born of a woman
can kill me!
Macduff - I was taken from my mother's womb
before term...
Macbeth - What?
They fight.
Macbeth falls, wounded to death.

Scene 13
The above, peasants, then Malcolm, bards, soldiers.
Some women and children, fleeing from their houses on fire.

Women - May God avenge us!
Let us pray! Oh, frightful day!
The clash of arms has stopped.

12 **Soldiers** / **Women** - (*rushing in*)
Victory!
Malcolm - Where is the usurper?
Macduff - His blood stains my sword.
Hail, King! Glory to you!
All - Hail, King!
Bards - Macbeth! Where is
the vile usurper?
He falls under your lightning,
God of victory!
Hero loved by heaven, our avenger,
through you Scotland has peace,
honour and glory.
Women - Ah! Blessed be God,
our liberator,

que montent vers le ciel nos hymnes de victoire !
Malcolm / **Macduff** - Un jour brillant déjà rayonne,
il tombe l'oppresseur ;
mon/ton règne enfin vous/nous donne
la douce paix, la gloire et le bonheur.
Tous - Héros aimé du ciel, ô toi notre vengeur
l'Écosse te devra repos, honneur
et gloire.
Malcolm / **Macduff** / **Tous** -
Mon/ton noble règne
enfin vous/nous donne
la gloire et le bonheur.

may our songs of victory rise up to heaven!
Malcolm / **Macduff** - A brilliant dawn already shines,
the oppressor has fallen.
My/your reign finally gives you/us
peace, glory and happiness.
All - Hero loved by heaven, our avenger,
through you Scotland has peace, honour
and glory.
Malcolm / **Macduff** / **All** -
My/your noble reign
finally gives you/us
glory and happiness.

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